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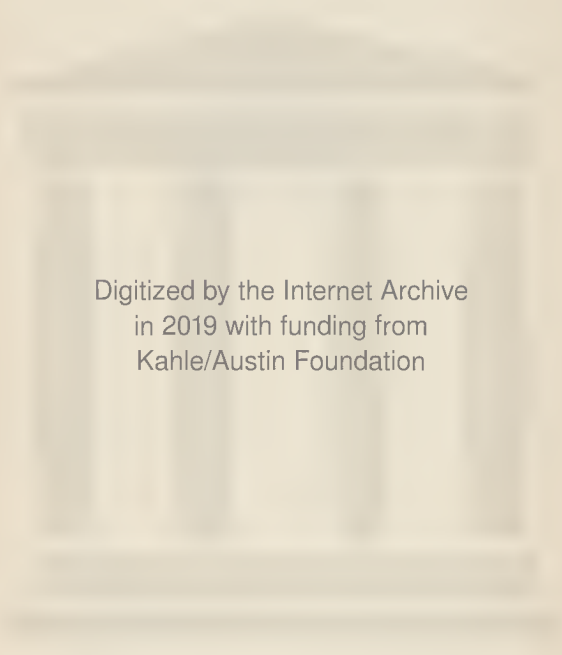


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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S POEMS

THE POEMS
OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
JOHN DRINKWATER



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TO THE
REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, LL.D.
A GREAT CRITIC AND INTERPRETER OF POETRY
THIS VOLUME OF
PHILIP SIDNEY'S POEMS
IS DEDICATED BY
THE EDITOR.

18351

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS edition of Sidney's poems contains the whole of his work in verse, with the following exceptions. The metrical rendering of a number of the Psalms, which cannot be said to be of any intrinsic interest whatever; a fragmentary translation from Mornay; a short pastoral dialogue, and poems from the juvenile masque, *The Lady of May*; a stanza in MS. to Queen Elizabeth, which is preserved at Wilton, but which is merely a courtier's compliment in verse. There remain the poems which form part of the *Arcadia*. It was in these that Sidney chose to indulge in his classical experiments, and a large number of the poems cannot, in consequence, be read with any degree of pleasure. I have printed a large selection of those which seem to me to be of poetical value, and in the Appendix I have placed a few examples of the experiments. Readers of these last will readily excuse me for omitting the rest. In the Appendix will also be found a few poems collected from miscellanies by Grosart.

The text is based on the two quarto editions of *Astrophel and Stella* (1591), and the folio editions of the *Arcadia* (1598 and 1613). I am also largely indebted to Grosart's edition of Sidney's poems in the *Fuller Worthies' Library* (1873), and to Arber's *English Garner* (1897). Grosart, his editorial sins notwithstanding, has laid every student of Sidney under a deep obligation by his laborious collation of the old editions, and especially by his handling of the punctuation. In many cases I have accepted his decision on matters both of text and pointing, but in every instance where any doubt has arisen, I have, after careful consideration, adopted what appeared to me to be the most satisfactory reading. I have encumbered the text with as few notes as possible, and where these have been borrowed, I have indicated the sources, using the initial G. for Grosart.

A word must be said as to the arrangement of *Astrophel and Stella*. In the two quarto editions the songs were printed together at the end of the sonnet sequence; the *Arcadia* folios—presumably on the authority of the Countess of Pembroke who, we are informed in the Preface (1598), revised the text—spread them among the sonnets themselves. Modern editors have, for the most part, reverted to the quarto arrangement. As, however, the songs obviously belong to the sequence, and in many instances correspond to the sonnets between which they are

set in the folios, I have thought well to depart from modern custom, especially as the relief of occasionally coming upon a light lyrical measure when reading a sonnet sequence is not unwelcome.

The biographical note has been compiled chiefly from Mr Fox Bourne's admirable life of Sidney (*Heroes of the Nations*). Acknowledgment must also be made to John Addington Symond's volume in the *English Men of Letters* series. To the ascertained facts of Sidney's career I have attempted to add nothing; my endeavour has been merely to recount these as briefly as possible, and to reproduce in some small degree the atmosphere of his age.

In preparing the critical introduction, I have derived considerable assistance from Mr Sidney Lee's writings on the Elizabethan sonnet, from the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. iii., from Professor Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, and from the late William Sharpe's introduction to his sonnet anthology. It will, I hope, not be accounted to me as a fault that I have at times differed from these authorities in matters of opinion.

Finally, I have to thank Mr A. H. Bullen and Mr H. P. Morrison for valuable suggestions.

J. D.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

PHILIP SIDNEY was born at Penshurst, in Kent, on the 30th November 1554. At his death he had not completed his thirty-second year, and his short life was, bearing in mind his rank and the times in which he lived, singularly devoid of incident. The education common in his day to men of noble birth, begun at a public school, continued at one of the universities, and completed by the European tour; some years of unprofitable attendance as a favourite at the Court of Elizabeth, varied by an occasional diplomatic mission; one or two comparatively unimportant offices in the Royal Household and under the government; many schemes for the advancement of his most cherished ideal, European liberty, schemes which he was unable to mould as he would, albeit their ultimate realisation owed something to his earnest and high-minded endeavour; and, finally, the brief campaign in the Netherlands that led him to his death—in so few words may be sketched the outline of his life. And yet of no member of the

brilliant group who lent a glory to Elizabethan days have we a more vivid or more convincing presentment, and in an age that dreamt great dreams and—with all its faults and extravagances—was endowed with a transcendent heroism, no figure stands out so completely invested with a large enthusiasm, so completely heroic and free from all taint of meanness and affectation as the poet of *Astrophel and Stella*.

There are men who leave behind them great names, not so much for achievement as for character ; whose greatness is not a history but an atmosphere. As a man of letters the most notable example is, perhaps, Samuel Johnson ; as a man of the world, courtier, gentle man—to resolve our modern word into its significant parts—we shall find no more ample illustration than Philip Sidney. As John Addington Symonds pointed out, the fact renders the task of his biographer difficult in a peculiar degree. Setting aside his contributions to literature, there is nothing in the bare record of his life as it reaches us to mark him from the hundreds of cultured, generous, clean-living men who exalt each generation. His name stands for no great enterprise nobly accomplished ; he held no lofty office in the state ; he won victories for no great cause. Lacking all such claims to eminence, however, he passed, on unimpeachable testimony, for the fine flower of his age. The nobility of his character won tributes from men of many

religions and all shades of political opinion. Continental statesmen, scholars and princes, as well as his own countrymen, looked to him as at once the most accessible and most enlightened of his contemporaries. His career was watched with unselfish interest by friends in many lands, and his early death was mourned as a national calamity. Sir Henry Sidney, his father, a blunt man, most honest in things touching his own family, wrote of him :—

‘He is a rare ornament of this age, the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our Court do form also their manners and life by. In truth—I speak it without flattery of him or of myself—he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man.’

This Sir Henry Sidney was the son of Sir William Sidney, King’s chamberlain in the reign of Henry VIII. When a boy he was chosen by the King as companion and playfellow to his son, afterwards Edward VI. His name appearing as one of the advocates for the succession of Lady Jane Grey, at the death of Edward, he was in danger of losing the royal favour when Mary came to the throne ; he was pardoned, however, and made some show during her reign, being one of the Earl of Bedford’s train when that nobleman was despatched on an embassy to Philip of Spain, to bring the royal bridegroom to England. His associates in the plot against Mary

were less fortunate. Among these were his father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, and four brothers-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, and the Lords Ambrose, Robert and Guildford Dudley, the first and last of whom were executed, the others being pardoned after a term of imprisonment.

Henry Sidney married in 1551, when he was thirty-two years of age, Lady Mary Dudley, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland just mentioned. Their eldest son was born in 1554, and was christened Philip in honour of Mary's consort. Few words as to each of Philip's parents must suffice. Henry Sidney, deriving from good if not noble stock, was appointed assistant to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Sussex, Lord Deputy of Ireland. This post he retained till Mary's death, when he succeeded to chief control under Elizabeth, and he was further appointed Lord President of Wales in 1560. The rest of his life is a tale of sterling work in behalf of the state, ill-repaid. Elizabeth well knew the value of a good servant, but she was exacting as to the manner in which service should be done. Bluntness and integrity in themselves made but little appeal to her. Leicester, brilliant, able and unscrupulous, full of fine extravagances and polished words, was the type and leader of the circle of courtiers who ruffled it for the Queen's pleasure. Adept at courtly dissimulation, they gratified her love of flattery to the

full, and made her less than ever disposed to look with favour upon a man who carried his love of truth into the affairs of daily life. Further, much as she liked things to be done well, still more did she like them to be done cheaply. Office under her rule meant numberless opportunities for the holder to enrich himself by corruption of all kinds, and such opportunities were openly regarded as supplanting, in a large measure, any more direct and legitimate reward. Henry Sidney neither had nor desired to have the qualities of the courtier, and he refused to supplement his income by means for which he could find but one term—dishonesty. The result was that, excellent as was his administration in Ireland and Wales, he found the sum allotted to him for expenses wholly inadequate, and he was forced seriously to impair his private fortune, and when at length he remonstrated he did so with but little of the courtly veneer to which his mistress was used. In consequence he met with vague promises that were redeemed forthwith by the barren offer of a peerage without any accompanying grant of lands or fortune to enable him to accept the honour. No one was found who could carry out his difficult work so efficiently, and he was allowed, indeed compelled, to retain his office, but the Queen treated him with as little favour as was necessary for the sake of appearance. As a public servant he displayed sound

if not remarkable qualities and, apart from the financial difficulties that his presence would have involved, he was perhaps well content to be away from the surface gaieties and insincerities of the Court. In private life he found full scope for the display of his solid virtues, and the picture we have of him is that of a trusted friend, a loving and loyal husband, and a wise and indulgent father. His character is well shown in the letter written to Philip at school. It is too long to quote here in full, but a few extracts will serve to illustrate its tone.

‘ since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices. . . . Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer . . . Mark the sense of the matter that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter ; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others . . . you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. . . . Give yourself to be merry—but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. . . . Be modest in each assembly ; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefastness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. . . . Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied, so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know

how to do evil, though you would. . . . Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourisheth anything in the weak stomach of your capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. — Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,
‘H. SIDNEY.’

Lady Mary Sidney was, as we have seen, of a more illustrious family than her husband. Her two brothers who escaped the more severe penalty for their share in the Lady Jane Grey plot lived to be notable figures in the Court of Elizabeth. Ambrose Dudley, who eventually became Earl of Warwick, held the post of Master of Ordnance from 1560. He was a man of high character, too high indeed to shine with the splendour of his brother Robert, whose name as the Earl of Leicester is one of the most important and brilliant in the annals of the reign. When it is borne in mind that one of his father's sisters married the Earl of Sussex, and that his own sister Mary later became the Countess of Pembroke, it will be seen that Philip numbered amongst his near relatives some of the most powerful statesmen of the day. It was his good fortune no less than his deserts to retain their influence and affection until his death, and it is one of the chief virtues to be set down to Leicester's account that with certain lapses inevitable in so mercurial a

temperament he was a loyal and constant friend to his attractive nephew.

That Philip was no less fortunate in his mother than in his father is shown by the record that we have of her character, a record in which there is no dissentient voice. During her husband's absence in Ireland and Wales she spent much of her time in attendance upon the Queen at Court. She, too, was to learn that gratitude was not one of her royal mistress's salient characteristics. There is a letter from Sir Henry Sidney to Francis Walsingham, which has in it a deep note of pathos.

After recounting the personal losses which he had incurred as Lord Deputy, he proceeds :—

‘ For my part, I am not idle, but every day I work in my function ; and she (his wife), for her old service, and marks yet remaining in her face taken in the same, meriteth her meat. When I went to Newhaven I left her a full fair lady, in my eyes at least the fairest ; and when I returned I found her as foul a lady as the small-pox could make her, which she did take by continual attendance of Her Majesty's most precious person, sick of the same disease, the scars of which, to her resolute discomfort, ever since have done and doth remain in her face.’

Fulke Greville, in his sketch of Sidney, confirms the account in his own more picturesque, if less poignant, words :—

‘Whence, as it were even racked with native strength, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come up on the stage of the world with any manner of disparagement : the mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth many times upon their native and heroical spirits.’

The degree of royal favour that was accorded her for so great a sacrifice may be gathered from two letters of a later date. When the offer of a peerage was made to her husband she found it necessary to plead in no light manner for escape from the delicate position in which such a proposal had placed the family. To Lord Burghley she says :—

‘Truly my lord, I do find my husband greatly dismayed with his hard choice which is presently offered him, as either to be a baron, called in the number of many far more able than himself to maintain it withal, or else, in refusing it, to incur Her Highness’s displeasure.’

And, despairing of any grant, she proceeds to beg that the offer may be stayed. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to reward her servants by accepting the refusal without marked disapproval. On another occasion we have an even less pleasant sidelight thrown upon the matter. She was in residence at Hampton Court, and was awaiting the arrival of

Sir Henry from Ireland. She writes to Edmund Molineux, her husband's secretary:—

‘I have thought good to put you in remembrance to move my Lord Chamberlain in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber for my lord to have his resort unto, as he was wont to have; or else my lord will be greatly troubled, when he shall have any matters of dispatch: my lodgings, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick and not able to be much out of my bed. For the night-time one roof, with God's grace, shall serve us. For the day-time, the Queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for Her Majesty's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship, trusting to no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for the want of a convenient place for the despatch of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore, I pray you, etc.’

undertaking to furnish such room as should be appointed for her husband at her own cost. Whether this small and reasonable request was granted at all is not clear, but it is certain that for long there was much haggling and unseemly delay in the affair. Finally, we have this further pathetic appeal to Burghley:—

‘My present state is such, by reason of my debts, as I cannot go forward with any honourable course of living. . . . Seeing it hath pleased Her Majesty to hold this hard hand towards me (she had again been commanded to Court) I am again thus bold to trouble

your lordship for your comfortable direction how I may best in this case deal with Her Majesty. I am presently greatly to seek what else to do than sorrow much at Her Majesty's unkindness towards me, because it brings me in no small disgrace among such as are not determined to wish me well.'

Altogether a picture sufficiently unpleasant. Yet this noble lady did not allow this niggardly treatment and succession of petty indignities to sour her spirit. Her sweet and gracious personality seems to have been tempered by a large share of wisdom. When Philip was busily engaged in defending his father from the attacks of those about the Queen, he acknowledges that he found no more zealous and able ally than his mother.

'Among which friends, before God, there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as your lady, my mother. For mine own part, I have had only light from her.'

Of the first nine years of Philip's life we have no record of importance. In 1564, being then ten years old, he was granted the living of Whitford in Flintshire, which had fallen vacant by the deprivation of one of the papist priests who had refused to sever their allegiance to the Pope. Philip's instalment was, of course, a mere formality, whereby he became the recipient of some £60 a year. Of more interest is the

fact that in November the same year he was entered as a scholar at Shrewsbury School. Sir Henry Sidney, as President of the Council of Wales, was living at Ludlow Castle, and Shrewsbury, besides being near at hand, was proud in the possession of 'the largest school in all England for the education of youth.' The master, Thomas Ashton, had been at Oxford with Philip's father, and was in addition a man of high repute. Philip appears to have made excellent use of the four years he passed under his tuition, and it was during this time that he laid the foundation of his lifelong comradeship with Fulke Greville, who was of his own age, and entered the school on the same day. The record of their intimacy, if not the most famous, is certainly one of the most generous and attractive of the long list of literary friendships. Greville outlived Sidney by more than forty years, having shared many of the adventures and aspirations of his short life. He acquired no small reputation for himself as a poet and courtier, but was content to have graven on his tomb, as his chief claim to distinction, 'Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' His memoir, which is now known as *The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney*, although not so entitled by the author, makes no pretence to comprehensiveness. It has, however, excellent qualities, giving a clear-cut impression of his friend's character and opinions, and it is, of course, the source of much information that

could only have been supplied by a close and loving acquaintance.

From Shrewsbury Philip proceeded to Oxford in 1568, his college being Christ Church. He remained there three years, and, although he took no degree, there is evidence that he made the most of his opportunities. Here, again, he was fortunate in his tutor, one Dr Thomas Thornton, who, like Greville, desired that his association with Sidney should be recorded on his tomb. At Oxford, the friendship with Greville, who was at Pembroke, ripened, and among his other contemporaries we find the names of Richard Hakluyt of the voyages, and William Camden the historian. Of his Oxford career but little need be said, but it is necessary to refer to negotiations that took place at this time concerning him.

Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley, was at this time Secretary of State, and one of the most powerful personages at Court. Grave, discreet, and far-seeing, he acted as a very necessary curb to the extravagances of Leicester, and the Queen recognised that his counsel and service were indispensable to the wise ruling of her state. When, therefore, he looked with favour on a proposed match between his daughter Anne and Philip Sidney, Sir Henry had just reason for gratification. The families had long been on friendly terms, and Cecil had become warmly attached to the promising boy whom he had often

seen at his own home and at Penshurst. For some time the marriage appears to have been looked upon as finally arranged, but eventually the proposal fell through for reasons which are quite apparent, however veiled, in a letter that Cecil wrote to Sir Henry Sidney in 1569 :—

‘. . . As for the account to have him my son, I see so many incidenties as it sufficeth me to love the child for himself, without regard therein of my daughter, whom surely I love so well as, so it be within my degree or not much above it, I shall think none too good for her. Thus you see a father’s fondness, which to a father I dare discover, and so for this time it sufficeth.’

Due reflection had no doubt reminded Sir William that the Sidneys had little enough of this world’s goods, and he decided upon a more advantageous match for his daughter. Philip was, indeed, looked upon as the heir of his uncle Leicester, but Cecil had too close a knowledge of that nobleman’s instability to place much faith in so problematical a fortune. The incident, however, rather cemented than weakened the friendship of the two families, and Philip was able to add Cecil’s name to the list of his influential well-wishers.

In 1572 Sidney entered upon the third and, as events proved, the most important stage of his education. The Earl of Lincoln was despatched on a

mission to Paris, and Philip, with three servants, was of the company. Leicester gave his nephew a letter of introduction to Francis Walsingham, then ambassador at the French court, and after Lincoln's return Philip stayed on for some months. In Walsingham he found yet another good friend, and on a memorable occasion at this time a welcome protector. Here is not the place to discuss in detail the events and war of factions that led up to the butchery of Huguenots known to history as the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Suffice it to say that Sidney, who was lodging with Walsingham at the time, gathered from that night of horror the impulse that drove him to espouse, for the rest of his life, the cause of Protestant freedom with a whole-hearted zeal. His friends at home, on receipt of the news, considered that to prolong his stay in France would be unsafe, and for the next two and a half years he travelled from one country to another on a zigzag course, in which it is unnecessary to follow him step by step.

This period of his history is notable for the wide fund of experience of European affairs which he laid up, and for the attention which he attracted from many of the foremost men of the day. Two traits in his character led him to profit by the occasion. Even at school Fulke Greville had noted in him a high seriousness and earnestness of purpose that were

never to desert him. 'Of his youth I will report no other wonder but this, that though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man.' Languet, of whom more hereafter, even thought this quality too clearly marked in him. 'You have too little mirthfulness in your nature, and this (geometry) is a study which will make you still more grave.' In addition, he was endowed with a very acute power of observation, so that he brought to the acquisition of knowledge on his travels both will and ability.

Through Lorraine he passed to Strasburg and Heidelberg, and thence to Frankfort. Here it was that he met Hubert Languet who was destined to become one of his warmest admirers and wisest counsellors. Sidney was now nineteen, and Languet fifty-five. He was not only a scholar of European reputation, but a practised man of the world, one deeply versed in the tendencies and movements of his day. A staunch Protestant, he soon found in Sidney, full of a new enthusiasm and giving to shrewd eyes fair promise of great things to come, a companion to refresh his lonely, and perhaps a little jaded, life. Sidney, for his part, with characteristic frankness, at once reciprocated the affection of the older man to the full, and their relations, broken only by death, ripened into a beautiful little idyll of friendship. Languet came to watch the career of the boy, whom

he loved almost as a son, as one of the chief concerns of his own life, while Sidney, though, as is the nature of youth, he was less constant in his manifestation of affection, never failed to acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude the debt that he owed to the man whom he learnt to look upon as a mentor. In the appendix to this volume will be found an extract from the *Arcadia* in which tribute is paid by the pupil to the master.

With Languet Sidney visited the court of Maximilian II. at Vienna, where he made many new acquaintances. Here they separated for a time, and Philip travelled through Hungary, and subsequently found his way to Italy. In Venice, which he made his headquarters, his strength of character stood him in good stead. Ascham reports of that city at this time that in nine days he there saw 'more liberty to sin than ever he heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years,' and Sidney himself rendered an Italian proverb into English with some feeling thus—

An Englishman that is Italianate
Doth lightly prove a devil incarnate.

Given the will to observe without being contaminated by the darker side of Venice, however, much was to be gained from intercourse with her nobler life. He was licensed to bear arms in the city, and others which he might wish to visit, and there he met, amongst others, Count Philip Lewis of Hanau, one of the

most promising of Protestant champions, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese. The last named painted his portrait, of which there is, unfortunately, no trace. He kept up a regular correspondence with Languet, in which he talks freely of his studies and the men whom he was meeting : ' Yet I would rather have one pleasant chat with you, my dear Languet ' he adds with half-playful pompousness, ' than enjoy all the magnificent magnificence of all these magnificoes.'

He proceeded from Venice to Padua, Poland, which he visited with Languet, and Vienna, where he was detained for some time by sickness. His letters home had evidently impressed the authorities by their worth, for he was desired to forward from time to time running commentaries upon the places and people whom he visited, and the state of politics with which he came into contact. Early in 1575 he was called home, but before returning he found time to call again at Heidelberg, Strasburg, and Frankfort, widening his circle of notable acquaintances at each place. He reached England in June, and it will be well, before proceeding, briefly to recount the results of his first continental trip.

He was now twenty-one years of age, and his three years of foreign schooling had done much to fit him for his life at the English Court. Of the material upon which widening influences had to work enough has been said. He had received marks of favour from

Charles IX. of France and Henry of Navarre, and had formed a close friendship with Lewis of Hanau ; he had been intimate with the great men of Venice, and had been inspired by their arts and government. He had also made himself proficient in the French and Italian languages, had extended his studies in other directions, and had rounded off his mental acquirements by no little skill in courtly exercises such as horsemanship and tourney-craft. He had won the life-long allegiance of a wise and good man, one better able, perhaps, than any to guide him through the maze of European politics. Lastly, the seed sown on Saint Bartholomew's Eve had been nourished by the opportunities of observing on the spot the operation of Philip of Spain against the reformed faith. He returned to England imbued with a healthy hero-worship of William of Orange as the militant head and front of the Protestant cause, and firmly convinced that it was the manifest duty of his own country to lend assistance to the Netherlands, which he looked upon at the time as the inevitable battle-ground on which the issue must be decided.

Elizabeth and her ministers did not fail to recognise the excellent effects of this training, and henceforth he was regarded as a person whose opinions were entitled to be heard. The Queen, moreover, was not blind to his personal charm, a circumstance not altogether making for his welfare. She liked to have

attractive and accomplished young men about her, who could aid in upholding the dignity and pageantry of her Court, and for the rest of his life she was seldom willing to allow Philip to be long out of her presence. Fretting as he did for scope in which to display his enthusiasm and talents to better purpose, this continued expression of royal favour grew irksome to him; he wanted office, command, anything whereby he could be up and doing, but with one or two comparatively unimportant exceptions he was allowed no outlet for his energies until the campaign in the Netherlands where his career was cut short. This forced inactivity led him on at least one occasion, as we shall see, to resort to deception to encompass that which he could not gain by open and regular advancement.

Francis Walsingham had now returned to England, and with his support and that of Leicester and Burghley, Philip started his life at Court under excellent auspices. Another source of extreme satisfaction was that he was able constantly to see his sister Mary, whom the Queen had taken under her patronage. In addition he had the company of Greville and of a second brother poet, Edward Dyer, a man of parts and the author of one immortal line:—

‘My mind to me a kingdom is.’

At a later date this notable little group was joined

by Edmund Spenser, whose claims to equality of rank by virtue of genius, though never advanced by himself, were always generously and wisely allowed by the others. His relations to Sidney as a poet will be mentioned in the critical introduction, and no more need be said of him here than that we have records of much close intercourse between the two, wherein they must have exchanged freely their views of their art, and discussed with no little mutual advantage their literary projects.

Philip's life as courtier was opened by his attendance upon the Queen during one of her gorgeous 'progresses'—the one that culminated in the splendid festivities at Kenilworth, which have given rise to so much attractive speculation and fiction. It was at Chartley Castle, the seat of the Earl of Essex, that he saw for the first time Penelope Devereux, the Stella of the sonnets, who was then but twelve years old. His later relations with this lady form one of the most important episodes of his life. The psychological aspect of the matter as it affects his work as a poet, we shall endeavour to analyse in another place, but the bare facts may be recorded here.

William Devereux, first Earl of Essex, had been spending his time and money in trying to establish an English colony in Ulster; his project was countenanced by the Queen, but received no substantial encouragement from her. He returned to England

at the end of 1575, impoverished and disappointed, in the hope that Elizabeth would make good her promise to appoint him Earl-Marshal of Ireland. His letter to Her Majesty, reminding her of her pledge, was too plain-spoken for her liking, and for some months she delayed the appointment. In the meantime he lived in retirement at his town residence, Denham House. Adventurous, proud, and chivalrous, with none of the servility of the office-seeker, he appeared to Sidney in the character of an ill-used gentleman of spirit, whose exploits and bravery made a strong appeal to his own adventurous imagination. His sympathy was grateful to the older man, and for the short time during which Essex was in England, we find Sidney as a constant guest at Denham House. Penelope was, even at this age, at least sufficiently attractive to interest Philip, and it is clear that very shortly Essex began to set his heart upon a union between the two when the time should come. He was appointed Earl-Marshal, and left again for Ireland in 1576, Philip travelling with him to visit his father. They parted in Dublin, and shortly afterwards Essex was taken seriously ill. For a month he lingered, but died on the 21st of September at the age of thirty-six. Philip arrived too late to see him, greatly to the dying man's grief, but a message was delivered to him from his dead friend.

‘Have me commended unto him, and tell him I sent him nothing, but I wish him well—so well that,

if God move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter.'

For a considerable time after her father's death, Penelope was looked upon as the half-affianced bride of Philip. For some reason, not clearly explained, however, the project was never completed, and some time in 1581, that is to say five years later, she became Lady Rich.

From the date of the Kenilworth excursion in 1575, there is no further event of importance to be recorded until February 1577, when Sidney was afforded a second opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of European affairs. He was chosen as special ambassador to the German court, bearing condolences from the Queen to the two sons of Maximilian, who had died in the preceding October. He also obtained permission to further, as far as was possible by mere discussion, the cause of Protestantism with these princes and other people of weight whom he might meet. With £350 given to him by his father to eke out the sum allowed him by Elizabeth for his expenses, he set off with some half dozen companions of his own rank, Fulke Greville amongst them, and from the outset he was careful to assert his dignity as representative of the crown of England. The inscription which, together with his arms, he caused to be inscribed on the houses at which he stayed—'The most illustrious and well-born Philip Sidney, son of

the Viceroy of Ireland, nephew of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, ambassador from the most serene Queen of England to the Emperor'—has a note of solemn pompousness which sounds almost ludicrous to our generation; but it must be remembered that three and a half centuries have wrought great changes on the surface of our national character. The days of Elizabeth were, in a very literal sense, 'spacious'; self-repression and reserve were not then regarded as contributory factors to the quality of a gentleman. England, large in promise as she was, had not yet asserted herself as the possessor of that peculiar strain of insular apartness that was later to lend a distinctive complexion to her place among the nations. It was the age of Frobisher and Drake, when every man of mettle had in his composition no small suggestion of the adventurous school-boy. Philip's ostentatious display of his quality, therefore, little as it may be in accordance with our modern ideals, sorted well with the manner of his time; the lack of it would have argued not modesty, but a dulness of spirit.

Passing through the Netherlands, he there visited Don John of Austria, who treated him with marked courtesy, an attention paid, we are told, not to his office so much as to his own attractive qualities. Whilst returning courtesy for courtesy, it does not appear that Sidney was in any way beguiled by the

pleasant words of the representative of all that was most abhorrent to him—Spain. Don John was the immediate menace of religious freedom in the Netherlands, and little as the people themselves may have realised the fact, William of Orange and his shrewder followers and partisans, among whom Sidney must be numbered, were not deceived.

In addition to his German mission, Philip was instructed to call at the Court of the Elector Palatine. Frederick III. had died in the same month as Maximilian, and had been succeeded by his son Lewis, a Lutheran. His second son, John Casimir, was a staunch Calvinist, and here again Sidney came into close contact with bitter religious strife. Lewis was away at the time of his visit, but he discussed the outlook with John, and left him with some faith in his promises towards the establishment of tolerance and Protestant cohesion. At Prague, where he presented his credentials to Rudolph, the new Emperor, he found little enough to hearten him. Maximilian had been a Catholic, but he had been broad and generous. Rudolph was a Catholic also, but he was a bigot stirred by the darkest and cruellest of the influences of Spain. Sidney made an eloquent appeal on behalf of peace and toleration; Rudolph listened, was civil, but pledged himself to nothing. Sidney left his Court, bearing tokens of honourable attention, but convinced that the Emperor was to be regarded

rather as a danger to than a supporter of European tranquillity.

On his homeward journey he found Lewis, the Elector, at Neustadt, and delivered the Queen's message of sympathy, and again made occasion to urge the cause of freedom. After a second conference with John Casimir, and spending some time with Languet, having received instructions from the Queen to offer her congratulations to William of Orange on the birth of a son, he proceeded to Geertruidenberg for this purpose. He stood godfather at the christening ceremony, and the opinion that William formed of him may be gathered from the message that he desired Fulke Greville to deliver to the Queen on a later occasion, to the effect that in Mr Philip Sidney Her Majesty had one of the

'ripest and greatest counsellors of estate that at this day lived in Europe; to the trial of which he was pleased to leave his own credit engaged, until Her Majesty might please to employ this gentleman either amongst her friends or enemies.'

Sidney and Greville, knowing that Elizabeth was minded to be her own adviser in these things, diplomatically decided to withhold the message. He returned to England in June 1577, having performed his mission with credit and widened his reputation as one of the most promising and able young men of his day. To this time belongs the

rumour, not sanctioned, be it said, by any definite authority, that he was sounded as to the possibility of his becoming a candidate for the crown of Poland. The incident, leading to no tangible issue, need not be discussed.

The next event of note, after his return to Court, is his first visit, in July, to Wilton in Wiltshire, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom his sister Mary had been married during his absence abroad. Just as Sidney was in his age the prototype of chivalrous manhood, so does his sister seem to have been, though perhaps in a less pre-eminent degree, a worthy pattern of gracious and benignant womanhood. Philip's affection for her was touched almost as deeply by admiration for her intellectual qualities and sympathies as by love for her as a sister, and his applause was echoed by most of the people whose commendation was worth having. The poetic work of her brother and his friends was a matter of lively interest to her, more especially as, judging from the fragmentary evidence that we have, she was no mean poet herself. It is náatural, therefore, to find that henceforward Philip passed a large share of his leisure time at Wilton, where in congenial society and beautiful surroundings he could find ample refreshment after the somewhat dusty if vivacious life at Court.

For the rest of this year his chief employment, apart from his Court duties, seems to have been defending

his father from the attacks of his enemies, who by virtue of fairer speech, if not sturdier service, had more ready access to the Queen's favour. The most active of those was the Earl of Ormond, who had contrived constantly to interfere with the Lord Deputy's conduct of affairs. His name calls for mention here merely as one of the actors in an incident at this time which gives us a glimpse of Philip's high spirit. Our poet's first visit to Wilton was cut short by the immediate necessity for his presence at headquarters to take up his father's defence against the kind of running attack that was being directed upon him in connection with nothing in particular, but everything in general. He found Ormond, amongst others, at Court. This nobleman, assuming an air of somewhat arrogant patronage, thought fit to display his superiority over the fledgling courtier in the presence of all and sundry. Philip, preserving an unruffled front, heard him out, looked at him steadily with something like contempt, turned on his heel and left my lord of Ormond without offering any word in reply. This occasion may be paralleled by another when the Earl of Oxford, who was as entirely a type of the vices as was Sidney of the virtues of the age, interrupted a game of tennis in which Philip was engaged. Without so much as by your leave, he proposed to break up the game in order that he himself might take part in it. Sidney, with due civility, remonstrated, where-

upon Oxford angrily ordered the party to leave the court. Sidney replied that whereas a temperate request would have been reasonably met, his lordship would now find that they 'would not be driven out with any scourge of fury.' The quarrel had by this time attracted many onlookers, who were in time to hear Sidney dubbed 'Puppy' by the irate nobleman, who on being asked to repeat the word, did so. Philip in a loud voice then gave him the lie direct, and led his party from the court. On neither of these occasions did the show of temper lead to more definite action, such having been prevented in each case by those in authority. After the Oxford incident, however, Philip received a lecture from Elizabeth on the respect due to superiors, to which he replied, humbly but quite firmly, that dignity of rank lent no countenance to breach of good manners.

Until May 1578 he remained at Court, with occasional brief vacations, keeping up his foreign correspondence, receiving now and again a visitor from abroad who shared his Protestant enthusiasms, exchanging New Year 'gifts with the Queen, and so on. He then accompanied Elizabeth on another royal progress, which lasted some months, and which is marked by the first public appearance of Sidney as author. At Wanstead, where Leicester was again the host, was given *The Lady of May*, a masque. Of literary merit it contained little, being full to over-

flowing of the ridiculous extravagances which were the staple of all such productions. It served its purpose, however, and was sufficiently steeped in flattery to satisfy even the Queen.

During this time, Sidney wrote a letter, to which we must refer, as it serves to indicate a not very attractive side of his character. On one of his foreign trips he had already given evidence of a tendency to make random accusations against perfectly innocent people when he was unable at once to place the blame for any misconduct of affairs. Some money had been mislaid or miscalculated, and, without a shadow of justification, he charged one of his companions off hand with having appropriated it. Now the object of his hasty misjudgment was Molyneux, the trusty servant to whom we have referred before. Philip discovered that by some means his father's enemies were obtaining useful information about his private movements and affairs; that letters were subject to espionage. Forthwith he wrote to Molyneux:—

‘My letters to my father have come to the ears of some; neither can I condemn any but you. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. That for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father without his commandment or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you; and trust to it, for I speak it in earnest.’

Molyneux cleared himself with dignity and most becoming mildness, and Sidney was, we doubt not, now as on the former occasion, generous enough to apologise handsomely. It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to regard these displays of uncivil hastiness as little shadows that preclude him from appearing in the unpleasant character of Henley's plaster saint.

Late in 1577 John Casimir had been appointed to represent, in a more or less non-committal manner, Elizabeth's interest in the Low Countries. After a time he was even aided by the English Government in raising a small army to assist William of Orange, whose enmity with Spain was gradually coming to a head. Philip was at once anxious to join this force, and proposed so doing in a letter to his father. Sir Henry, however, knew that he could ill afford to lose his son's support at home, and, whilst leaving the course he should take entirely to Philip's discretion, he made this sufficiently clear, with the result that the project was abandoned. Languet, too, lent his dissuading voice. He was wholly in sympathy with his young friend's enthusiasm, but of war in the cause of policy or religion he entertained a wholesome disapproval. A sentence from his letter on the subject sounds a note strangely prophetic of Ruskin :—

‘Great praise is due to those who bravely defend their country ; but they are to be praised, not for the number of men they kill, but for the protection they give to their own land.’

Casimir's venture was not happy in results, and in January 1579 he came to England to make his peace with Elizabeth. Languet came with him to see Philip; he was now sixty years old, and in ill health, and the difficulties of travel might well have deterred any less ardent friendship. A further year spent in the usual round of Court duties without any memorable break, was followed early in 1580 by a period of retirement, consequent upon the position he had taken up in connection with the projected marriage between Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou. The political significance of this proposed match cannot be discussed here, but it need hardly be said that the idea was little less than revolting to the whole nature of Sidney's opinions strengthened by experience. So deeply did he feel that such an event would be disastrous to his country from every point of view, that he was impelled to address a lengthy epistle to Her Majesty on the subject, of which a brief outline must suffice :—

'Most Feared and Beloved, most Sweet and Gracious Sovereign.—To seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of a fault with reason for it, might better show I knew I did amiss, than in any way diminish the attempt, especially in your judgment; . . . Therefore, . . . I will, in simple, direct terms . . . set down the overflowing of my mind in this most important matter, importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety; and as I know, the joys of my life.'

The hearts of the Protestants who are, he proceeds, the Queen's chief strength,

‘will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist, in whom (howsoever fine wits may find farther dealings or painted excuses), the very common people well know this, that he is the son of a Jezebel of our age.’

He sums up the disadvantages of the match from a politic point of view ; Anjou stands for Catholicism, and Catholicism in England means ruin ; he is heir to the French crown, and as such will neither put up with a subordinate position in England nor fail to sacrifice our interests to those of his native country. On personal grounds he puts forward a case no less pointed and substantial. The Duke is a vicious member of a vicious family. If the Queen desires marriage, there are many men, more desirable in character and personality, from whom she can choose, whilst there can be none less so on public grounds than Anjou. Making these points by close and clear reasoning, he finishes up with an eloquent peroration wherein he recapitulates the manifest disadvantages of the proposed match, dwells upon the Queen's incomparable virtues, the love that flourishes between her and her subjects, his own temerity, and so forth.

Later on we find Walsingham, who had been sent to Paris to negotiate with Henry as to the formation

of a league against Spain as a condition of the marriage with his brother, writing to Burghley:—

‘When Her Majesty is pressed to the marriage, then she seemeth to affect a league; and when the league is yielded to, then she liketh better a marriage; and when thereupon she is moved to assent to marriage, then she hath recourse to the league; and when the notion for the league or any request for money is made, then Her Majesty returneth to the marriage.’

And when we bear in mind the Queen’s methods of keeping her ministers up to concert pitch, we cannot help wondering whether, in playing with this question of an alliance with a man anything but attractive and twenty years her junior, she had not her tongue in her cheek. However that may be, Sidney’s letter, whether or no it helped ultimately to dispel the matter from the royal mind, had overstepped the limits of prudence. A short time before, Leicester’s marriage to the Countess of Essex, which had been kept secret for a year, had come to the knowledge of the Queen, who was highly displeased at the news. Her favourite had to retire for a time from Court, and his temporary disgrace reacted in some measure upon his nephew. Elizabeth was not, therefore, predisposed to listen graciously to so plain spoken a homily as her young courtier had thought fit to deliver, and she desired that Sidney should follow the example of his uncle,

Leicester, and absent himself from Court. He chose Wilton as his retreat, and stayed there for some nine months, there being no further news of him in London until October.

To this period of seclusion, which was by no means distasteful to him, belongs the beginning of the composition of the *Arcadia*, of which something will be said elsewhere, and he also lent his sister some assistance in writing a rhymed version of the Psalms. We hear, too, of his exercising his influence at this time on behalf of his friend Spenser, who obtained an appointment under Lord Grey of Wilton, Sir Henry Sidney's successor as Lord Deputy of Ireland. Two pastorals, which will be found in the Appendix to this volume, serve to show the pleasure he experienced in rejoining his friends, Greville and Dyer, on returning to Court, and, on the other hand, the discontent with Court life that his peaceful retirement had engendered.

His life continued its even course. He still kept a watchful eye on affairs in the Netherlands, and was working in secret with Leicester to establish William of Orange as far as might be against Spain. Early in 1581 he represented Kent in Parliament, sitting through an unimportant session and serving on a committee for the suppression of Papists, and another to suggest legislation for sedition against the Crown. In April the same year he took part in a splendid tournament, which formed part of the entertainment

afforded to the French ambassador that visited England to further the marriage scheme, which was still under consideration ; and he was one of the company that escorted this prince back to Antwerp. In his spare time he continued the *Arcadia*, and to this year are assigned the songs and sonnets known as *Astrophel and Stella*. He returned from Antwerp in March 1582, and for over three years he spent his life at Court, and during this time but few incidents call for record. He was chosen by John Casimir to stand as his substitute at his installation as a Knight of the Garter, and on this occasion, 13th January 1583, he received the honour of knighthood for himself, being known henceforth as Sir Philip Sidney of Penshurst. He shortly afterwards joined his uncle, the Earl of Warwick, in his capacity as Master of Ordnance, and finding supplies both inadequate and irregular, he again ventured the Queen's displeasure by stating the fact in plain terms. In the same year he was appointed General of Horse, and he received some recompense for his services in the shape of a portion of the monies forfeited by recusant clergy. His connection with the Walsingham family was also strengthened in this year, when, on 20th September, he married the Secretary's daughter, Frances. We have no evidence that the marriage was either fortunate or the reverse. After Philip's death, Frances married in turn the young Earl of Essex and

Lord Clanricarde, but there is nothing to show that the short term of her first marriage was other than amicable and normal. To the one daughter born of the union, Elizabeth consented to act as sponsor. This daughter afterwards married the Earl of Rutland.

In this year Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher, visited England, and Philip extended many courtesies to him, Giordano repaying the attention by dedicating two of his books to Philip.

All this time, however, Sidney was fretting for more active occupation. The new world, that land of dreams beyond the great seas, loomed large in the imagination of the age, and the young enthusiast watched with longing eyes the expeditions that were constantly being planned. He had already lent his support to Martin Frobisher's enterprise and been interested by Francis Drake's first voyage in the *Golden Hind*. Now we find him obtaining a charter from the Queen granting him 3,000,000 acres of this undiscovered land, with powers to colonise it—at his own expense and responsibility of course. The opportunity was one of which he naturally had no intention of availing himself at the moment, but that he should have taken such steps at all denotes the restlessness of mind into which he had fallen. Gilbert and Raleigh now entered the field of exploration, and Philip followed their progress with eager

concern. Late in 1584 he was again in Parliament, and, with Francis Drake, acted on the committee that was appointed to consider Raleigh's Virginian project. He also contributed a further share to Jesuist legislation, and played some small and unimportant part in Scottish politics, in which at the moment the chief figure was, of course, Mary. Spain was, however, still the chief object of his thoughts, and his pent-up energies were shortly to find the long-sought outlet.

Affairs in the Netherlands were becoming critical. William had been assassinated. Town after town had fallen to the King of Spain, the help of France was no longer regarded as even a possibility, the small hold that Elizabeth had had over Henry having been broken by Anjou's death. It was daily becoming clearer that, if England was to maintain with any show of reality her championship of Protestantism, she must no longer withhold definite and practical assistance. So powerful had the enemy become in the Low Countries, that opinion now began to be divided as to the most efficient way in which to strike a blow at Spanish supremacy, and Sidney favoured the scheme that proposed to attack Philip's dominions in some less impregnable quarter. He, therefore, without more delay, conceived and began to put into operation a plan to crush the power of Spain in the West Indies; he induced several of his

friends to subscribe handsomely to the undertaking, and, of more importance, obtained the whole-hearted co-operation of Francis Drake. A fleet of twenty-five ships was fitted out and manned, and in August 1585, lay off Plymouth, ready to set sail. Sidney, fearing that Elizabeth would not allow him to accompany the expedition in person, kept his intentions secret. On hearing from Drake that all was in readiness, he and Greville set out from London, ostensibly to meet a guest of some importance who was expected at Court. They reached Plymouth, but at the last moment Drake seems to have been guilty of an unpleasant act of treachery. The arrangement was that the first command was to be shared between the two, but the older and more experienced man now felt that the event would be better served by his assuming complete control. The position was, perhaps, not an altogether unreasonable one to adopt, but the means he used to obtain his end were unpraiseworthy. He sent word to Elizabeth of Philip's plans. She at once despatched a messenger to command his return; the circumstance came to Sidney's knowledge, and the messenger was intercepted. The Queen, however, sent another, this time a peer of the realm. Her demands were positive and not to be disobeyed; if he persisted in the course he had taken, not only would she never admit him to her presence again, but she would have the whole fleet stayed; on the

other hand, if he returned he should at once receive employment under Leicester, who was at length being despatched to the relief of the Low Countries. Drake sailed on the 14th September, and Sidney returned to London. We now enter on the last short chapter of his life.

He was appointed Governor of Flushing and Rammekins, and left England on the 16th November to take up his duties. Leicester followed a few weeks later, with six thousand men. The history of the campaign is one little creditable to the English Government. The soldiers were underpaid and kept waiting for their money; Leicester, brilliant at Court, was a poor general, and instead of husbanding his scanty resources, indulged in a round of festivities and wasteful shows. Sidney, for his part, performed his share of the work well enough, remonstrating with his uncle in as set terms as were judicious, and ingratiating himself with the people. For nearly a year he found nothing of importance to do but to send home frequent protests against the mismanagement and delay. During this time he lost both his father and his mother, of whom enough has been said. In July 1586, he distinguished himself by capturing the town of Axel, for which exploit he was made a colonel, and then in August we find him with Leicester at Arnheim, where the troops were reviewed. He at last persuaded his uncle to bestir himself.

Together they took a small fortress on the Yssel, and decided to follow this up by an attack on Zutphen, a position of importance that was invested on the 13th. On the 21st news came that supplies were to be passed into the town in the early hours of the next morning. Leicester made preparations to cut off the convoy, but he was deceived as to the strength of the opposing force, and despatched no more than some 500 men to perform the task. Philip was not included among these, but, with others, he voluntarily joined the company when he heard that fighting was imminent. The morning broke in a heavy mist, which made it impossible to see more than a few paces ahead. Suddenly the day cleared, and the English found themselves trapped with the guns of Zutphen turned upon them and a force of some three thousand of the enemy entrenched and within firing distance. The engagement opened at once. Sidney, who, with chivalric foolhardiness, had discarded his leg-armour on seeing that a friend had not been able to find his, had his horse killed under him whilst charging. He mounted another, and charged again. He received a bullet wound in the leg, and his horse took fright, bearing Sidney from the field in unwilling retreat. Faint from loss of blood, he had himself taken to Leicester's quarters when his horse had been brought under control. To most people the name of Sidney stands for one

incident, which, on the authority of Greville, now took place.

‘Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him ; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, “Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.”’

The wound, which had splintered the knee and thigh-bone, proved fatal. He lingered for twenty-five days, and although his physicians for long held out high hopes of his recovery, mortification set in, and he died at Arnheim on 17th October 1586. Elizabeth, on receipt of the news of Zutphen, immediately sent a special messenger to enquire and report as to Sidney’s case. Leicester visited him as often as possible, led by a very sincere grief ; his wife hastened from Flushing to attend him, although she was expecting shortly to give birth to her second child. His brothers Robert and Thomas, both of whom were engaged in the campaign and winning honour for themselves, were often with him, and he further had the consolation of the presence of George Gifford, an eminent minister, with whom he had much soothing converse. Upon his death-bed he made

his will, bequeathing half of his estate to his wife, providing for his daughter, making several minor bequests to his friends, and leaving Penshurst and the rest of his property and present income to his eldest brother, Robert, who afterwards became Earl of Leicester ; he also expressed his wish that the MS. of the *Arcadia* should be destroyed. His bearing through the last days excited the admiration of all who saw him. For some time he was perturbed by doubts as to his own worthiness and a future state, but he gradually passed into a calmer frame of mind, ultimately exclaiming : ‘I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.’ His words to his brother Robert, who broke down under the grief of parting, are memorable : ‘Love my memory, cherish my friends ; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator ; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities.

So passed away this gentle and heroic spirit. Of the tributes paid to his memory but little need be said. They were as widespread and numerous as they were sincere and moving. Some legal difficulty in connection with his will delayed his interment at St Paul’s until 16th February 1587. The funeral was of unparalleled magnificence ; over seven hundred mourners, representative of all classes, joined the

procession ; his coffin, with Fulke Greville, Edward Dyer, Edward Wotton, and Thomas Dudley as pall-bearers, was attended by the flower of England's nobility, by civil and military authorities, by the rank and file in every walk of life. Nothing was left undone that could help to mark his country's sense at once of loss and pride. His death was bewailed and his praise sung by many poets, chief of whom was his friend Spenser. We cannot do better than close this brief account of his life by quoting from this great man's testimony and that of Philip's yet more loved friend, Greville. The latter says :—

‘Indeed he was a true model of worth ; a man fit for Conquest, Plantation, Reformation, or what action soever is greatest and hardest amongst men ; withal, such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whoever had any real parts, in him found comfort, participation and protection to the uttermost of his power ; like Zephyrus he giving life where he blew.’

And, a few paragraphs later :—

‘his heart and capacity were so large, that there was not a cunning Painter, a skilful Engineer, an excellent Musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire ; and the common *Rendezvous* of Worth of his time.’

From this circumstantial and measured praise,

we pass to the elegiac sweetness of Spenser's verse :—

‘ Young Astrophel, the pride of Shepherd's praise,
Young Astrophel, the rustic lasses' love :
Far passing all the Pastors of his days,
In all that seemly Shepherds might hehove.
In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

‘ For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A slender swain, excelling far each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

‘ Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage, and demeanour mild ;
That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and wittingly beguiled.
Ne spite itself, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.’

CRITICAL INTRODUCTION

SIDNEY'S reputation as a poet may be said to rest chiefly on his sonnet sequence, *Astrophel and Stella*. Although in the *Arcadia* and amongst the miscellaneous work may be found isolated poems of great beauty, it was when writing *Astrophel and Stella* that the poet set aside all thought of his ill-considered theories of poetical technique—of which more hereafter—ceased to think of verse-making as a pleasant and polished accomplishment, and wrote with fire and passion as all true poets write, to ease his mind. The few comments which may be offered concerning this his greatest work may be held to apply, broadly speaking, to his less considerable achievements. At the outset, however, it will be well to glance briefly at the state of English poetry at the time when Sidney was writing, and incidentally to clear away such obstacles as his classical experiments which may hinder us in the consideration of his most notable contribution to poetical literature.

We of to-day, looking back on our great line of

poets, from Chaucer to Swinburne, find it not a little difficult to adjust our point of view to that of a man born in 1554. Such a one, given the guiding instinct, would see in Chaucer the first and solitary great English poet, succeeded by indifferent imitators, and darkness until the publication of *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557. This collection consisted chiefly of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, (1516-1547). These poems were remarkable in two ways: for their individual excellence and inspiration, and for the new turn which they gave to the craft of verse-making in England. Of the comparative merits of Wyatt and Surrey, and the respective shares they took in the new movement, it is not necessary to speak here. When they began to write the influence of Chaucer had deteriorated through ill-usage at the hands of many inept disciples, until it had become, for practical purposes, almost negligible. The poet writing to-day, with the accumulated experience and example of half a hundred great names ready to his hand, can scarcely reconstruct the position of the man who feels the impulse to sing, and yet lacks the inspiration and aid of a single great voice before him. The poet, indeed, is no common pick-purse or imitator, yet when he can boast of noble ancestry, his song will of necessity bear in some measure the impress and character of his descent. That this should be so is, of course,

both natural and right. Wyatt and Surrey, however, wrote under no such auspicious circumstances. To their own poetical forebears they could look for but little guidance, and they turned to the poets of Italy and France. From them they borrowed the sonnet form, which had been popularised in an extraordinary manner by Petrarch, and introduced it into England. Modifying it in structure and arrangement, they adhered to certain fundamental requirements, and in so doing they evolved a certain degree of order out of the chaos into which English verse had fallen. The chastening influence of this self-imposed bondage, moreover, brought a new music and shapeliness into their less regulated lyrical work. To anything like full understanding of their craft they did not, of course, attain, but they left behind them many things of great value in themselves, and they set up for future and completer use the framework of a new and great tradition.

Sidney naturally came under the influence of these two men, and, partly through them, that of their sources, the Italian and French sonneteers. He was not content, however, to leave the poetical revolution exactly where he had found it, and with Spenser, his senior by two years, and Gabriel Harvey, he conceived the idea of introducing classical metres into English verse. He, too, realised that some reform was called for, and considered that no better method

could be adopted than that employed in the master-pieces of the ancients. The result was woeful. The examples given in the Appendix to this volume would prove, if proof were needed, the futility of attempting to impose the manner and possibilities of one language on another. That the experiment was an unqualified failure is no matter for wonder; that two such men as Spenser and Sidney should have discussed it seriously, is. Fortunately Spenser learnt to laugh at the whole question, and Sidney to discount it by his practice.

The point need not be carried further. There is, however, another aspect of this question of foreign influence which is of the utmost importance. Sidney—and this consideration applies to the whole group of Elizabethan sonneteers—in going to foreign models for guidance in the matter of form, carried away with him not a little of their substance. Modern scholarship has shown these predatory excursions to have been both frequent and considerable in extent. It has, in a way, proved its case up to the hilt, by advancing numberless instances where an image or whole phrase has been appropriated without a qualm. In some cases, indeed, a complete sonnet is little more than a fairly close translation, and Thomas Watson at least, admitted openly that his sequence of irregular stanzas, *The Tears of Fancy*, was no more than this. In Sidney's case, however, as in that of most of his

contemporaries, the work is set before us as being original, and a decision as to whether this claim is or is not to be allowed, is obviously of great moment. *Astrophel and Stella* being a love poem, the first thing to be done when it is submitted to our judgment is to enquire whether it be sincere. If in this it be found wanting, I for one can see no purpose in urging anything further in its defence, for lacking that one vital quality it lacks everything. The writers who have so convincingly denoted the debt of the Elizabethans to foreign models in form and stray—or even numerous—expressions and images, have directed us into an interesting field of poetical history. When, however, from these ascertained facts they proceed to draw deductions which set aside all the claims which the poet makes as being most essential to his function, dissent becomes imperative. We are told that these sonnets are no more than a clever exercise, displaying here and there a pretty fancy and a delicate ear for a musical phrase, having for their substance hearsay and conventional attitudes, devoid of all inventiveness, passion, and conviction. That they are, in short, written precisely as poetry should not be written, from the head and not from the heart. At this stage of the enquiry we come to something beyond the application of judicial learning to facts, we come to the application of our feeling to that of the poet.

' When my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in Stella see,
That heav'n of joys throws only down on me
Thund'ring disdains and lightnings of disgrace ;
But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she
With words wherein the Muses' treasures be,
Shows love and pity to my absent case.
Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
Then, some good body, tell me how I do,
Whose presence absence, absence presence is ;
Blest in my curse, and cursed in my bliss.'

If writing like that is artificial, it is an artificiality the secret of which has been lost, for utterance of the kind only rises to-day from the deep wells of emotion.

In this connection there is, however, a special circumstance in Sidney's case to be considered. The Stella of the sonnets was Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, to whom reference has been made in the biographical note. So much is clear from both external and internal evidence. The known facts of her history, in so far as it affects her relations with Sidney, may be told briefly. They met when he was just over twenty years of age, she barely thirteen. Shortly afterwards there was talk of a match, favoured by the parents on both sides, concerning which the parties chiefly interested were naturally—in view of the girl's age—not of any decided opinions. For no

clearly assigned reason the matter fell through, though for the next four or five years it was still under consideration. It is clear that at this time neither he nor she entertained any serious affection for the other, In 1581, at the age of eighteen, Penelope married Lord Rich, from whom she was ultimately divorced to become the wife of the Earl of Devonshire, after having been that nobleman's mistress for some years. That her first marriage was unhappy is evident, and the conclusions drawn from these scanty premises are usually somewhat as follows.

Sidney, we are told, really loved Penelope from the first, but, being in no hurry to marry, let year after year go by without taking definite steps. Further, distracted by his court and official duties and his interests at Penshurst and Wilton, he was less ardent in his wooing than the lady desired. At length, partly out of pique, partly out of desperation, she married Lord Rich, and this event came to her old lover in the nature of a catastrophe. That which he could long since have had for the taking was now beyond his reach, and his desire was quickened and increased tenfold. His pent-up passion at length broke from its silence, and poured itself out in song. Then come new critics and very justly observe that all this is improbable in the extreme. That we know enough of Sidney's character not to believe that had he truly loved Penelope he would have dallied and

made a fool both of himself and her. That he was a man of singularly clear judgment and self-knowledge, and that had his will been to marry this girl he would have given it effect. In demolishing one indefensible position, however, they proceed, I think, to set themselves up in another. Sidney did not, as is shown by the facts, they say, bear any sincere devotion to Penelope. Nevertheless this same Penelope is the object of the passionate declarations of the sonnets, and, therefore, the sonnets themselves are insincere, and become merely the ingenious display of a considerable poetic talent. In order effectively to cut off our retreat in all directions, they urge that if by any means the sonnets can be shown to be sincere, then they are certainly shown to be immoral, inasmuch as the object of these amorous protestations was a married woman. And so we have this elusive question of a poet's creativeness reduced to the most matter-of-fact rule-of-thumb that could be desired.

It may be granted at once that scattered through the sonnets are many signs of the poet's debt to his sources in more than actual structure ; that an idea is not infrequently taken from Petrarch or his followers. Further, that superficially they bear indisputable evidence of having been written for Lady Rich, the historical personage of whom we have a more or less complete record ; and lastly that they are adorned or , marred throughout by the conceits and extravagances

which were the poetic fashion of the age. Then let us 'clear our minds of cant,' and read the sequence carefully, and undisturbed by the hundred jarring theories as to its biographical interpretation, and we shall, I think, come to a decision which it is inconceivable could have at any time been overlooked. Poetic truth is a greater thing than the truth of courts and schools, and the sign of poetic truth is written large over the pages of *Astrophel and Stella*. A poet does not make a pretence of purging his soul for the entertainment of his fellows, nor does he use his poetry as a catalogue wherein to record the facts of his life. Sidney was in love. With whom is a question that does not concern us in the least; in all probability—it is indeed probable to the point of certainty—it was with none but an ideal of his own. As a framework upon which to build his ideal he chose Penelope Rich, and so the ideal became invested with certain of the qualities and circumstances of the material woman.

To suppose that the object of a poet's love and worship is either a definite being possessed of certain known attributes, or else a mere unsubstantial unreality from which he can gather no inspiration and support, is utterly to misunderstand both the poet and his poetry. It is a common thing to laugh lightly at the idea of a man being in love with love. The state is generally regarded as being incidental to nonage, a youthful abnormality that will burn itself out rapidly and

finally. The truth is that many men and all poets are in love with love till the end of their days. The poet may be united to one woman and faithful to her, or he may from time to time fall under the spell of many, but, however this may be, he will create for his inmost need an ideal transcending his earthly love, fashioned indeed out of the material and suggestion of this love, but wrought into perfection on the anvil of his own imagination. Shelley we know wove *Epipsychidion* out of his acquaintance with Emilia Viviani, but Mary Shelley was wise enough to understand that the poem was the poet's creation. Tennyson wrote *In Memoriam*, and therein made Hallam a more supreme type of the friend than any man could ever be of himself; and was the Beatrice of Dante's song the daughter of a Florentine citizen? These reflections do not, of course, detract one whit from the honour and power of womanhood, but they do remind us of the danger and folly of attempting to reduce the poet's creation to the proportions of biographical fact. The material that a woman brings the poet upon which to build may be great or small; in Sidney's case it was probably slight, but it was sufficient for his purpose. Out of it he wrought a glowing passion of song, which may be hopelessly bewildering if we attempt to read it in the light of dates and records, but which becomes gracious and clear if we pass it through the fire of the imagination.

I do not for a moment suggest that this idealisation by the poet of his love determines the existence of the physical side of his passion ; on the other hand, the imaginative love of the poet is complete in every way. It is quite possible that some of the incidents of *Astrophel and Stella* referred to particular occurrences—for example, the meeting described in the fourth song. The important point to bear in mind is that the essential truth of these things is not in the least affected by the consideration as to whether they had or had not their counterpart in actual physical occurrences. Love is both of the flesh and of the spirit, and such is the love of which Sidney sings from a full store of imaginative experience. It is not for us to demand that this experience shall coincide with his diary.

No more penetrating analysis of the sonnets in detail could well be made than that by John Addington Symonds in his monograph on Sidney,¹ and it would be idle to attempt again what has been done excellently already. Even he is inclined at times to take the biographical critics, if we may so call them, too seriously, but on the whole he preserves an admirable judgment in carrying out a difficult task. Having briefly stated my views on the psychology of these poems, it remains to glance at them from the more technical point of view.

¹ 'Philip Sidney,' *English Men of Letters*.

Astrophel and Stella was first published by Thomas Newman, without authority, in 1591, that is to say, five years after Sidney's death. It is clear from the Preface that the poems had long been in circulation in manuscript, but there is nothing to show that the poet himself had ever prepared them in any way for the press. In view of this circumstance their freedom from obscurities is remarkable, no less than their singular smoothness and polish. It must be remembered that no poet of magnitude had arisen between Surrey and Sidney, and the technical advance beyond *Tottel's Miscellany* is enormous. It is possible, perhaps, that Sidney had seen some of Spenser's sonnets which were to be published in 1595 under the title of *Amoretti*, but, even so, they would not be sufficiently in perspective at the time to exercise any profound influence, however apparent their beauty might be. And, moreover, Sidney need not fear comparison with any other Elizabethan sonneteer save Shakespeare. The epithet 'sugared,' so commonly applied by critics of those days to contemporary poetry, has with us fallen into discredit as implying superfluous ornament and mere prettiness. When it was used it meant, precisely, sweet, and it was applied to Sidney's verse with perfect justice. In the whole sequence it would be difficult to pick out a score of halting lines, and this, when we remember the state in which the poet found English versification,

is extraordinary. The sonnet form as he uses it is a compromise between the pure Italian type and the English type, as used and made finally distinctive by Shakespeare. In the octave he generally adopts the Petrarchan rhyme scheme *a b b a a b b a*, with the occasional variation—*a b a b a b a b*. He never departs from the rule that the octave shall contain but two rhymes. In the sextet he is less regular, in most instances making use of the final couplet, and allowing himself any sequence for his three rhymes. Thus he observes the Italian arrangement of the octave and limitation to five rhymes in all, but generally infringes the rule of the sextet. It is not without interest to trace the descent of the sonnet from Petrarch to Shakespeare in this manner, using as illustration the type most generally used in each case:—

Petrarch	.	<i>a b b a</i>	<i>a b b a</i>	<i>c d e c d e</i> .
Sidney	.	<i>a b b a</i>	<i>a b b a</i>	<i>c d c d e e</i> or <i>c c d e e d</i>
Spenser	.	<i>a b a b</i>	<i>b c b c</i>	<i>c d c d e e</i>
Shakespeare		<i>a b a b</i>	<i>c d c d</i>	<i>e f e f g g</i>

A great deal of critical discussion has arisen as to the æsthetic value of these varying forms. What appears to be the root intention of the sonnet, namely, that the close of the octave should carry the tide of feeling and expression to its highest and most commanding point, and that this should find a more or less subdued lapse in the sextet, was of course

defeated by the Elizabethan use of the final couplet, which serves rather to emphasise than repress the last note. In similar manner the latitude allowed in the number of rhymes in the English sonnet operates against that unity and conciseness which is properly characteristic of the form. It must be allowed that, all things considered, the Petrarchan type, with its rigid exclusion of all diffuseness, its recurrent beat, and its subtle arrangement of the sextet, whereby the rhymes are so placed as to avoid too great a sweetness and yet are just evident enough to satisfy the ear, is best fitted to lend the sonnet that dignity and lofty economy of expression which place it in poetry as a thing apart. At the same time dogmatism here, as in all things critical, is speedily confronted with its own folly. Mr Harold H. Child, in touching upon one of the points above mentioned, sums up the whole question in a single observation.

‘But the final couplet,’ he says, ‘has been used so freely and to such noble ends by English writers that objection is out of place.’¹

The same may, of course, be said of all the variations and licenses to which I have alluded.

The only other observation to be made in the matter of the prosody of *Astrophel and Stella* is that Sidney in a few instances uses lines of twelve syllables instead

¹ *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. iii. chap. viii.

of the orthodox ten. This is a transgression which it is not so easy to defend; indeed it is, I think, indefensible. The ten syllable line is as essential to the character of the English sonnet as it is to that of English blank verse, and it may well be said that on this point if no other the requirement of the form admits no denial. One has only to look at an example of trespass in this direction, say the eighth sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella*, to perceive the extraordinary effect of incongruity that is produced. The lilting jog-trot of the line is agreeable enough in itself, but as we read on and find it wedded to a singularly austere rhyme arrangement, we feel as we should do if Mercutio spoke with the voice of Hamlet.

Sidney's vocabulary was both extensive and flexible. He had in a marked degree the faculty of investing a familiar word with a deepened significance, rather than use a strange or eccentric one. The opening of one of the most famous sonnets in the series will suffice to illustrate this:—

'With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies.
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?'

It will be observed that there is no word here which is in the least uncommon, and yet by their disposition and through the conviction and feeling behind them

they take on a distinctive atmosphere and become poetical in the best sense of the term. This power is, of course, one of the greatest that an artist can possess, and Sidney possessed it in full measure. In point of imagery he is not so decidedly successful. He was in no way free from the prevailing vice of conceit - making, and he too frequently seeks to illustrate his statement by mere fanciful decoration instead of penetrating imaginative parallel. What he has to say he says generally clearly and in suggestive, well - chosen language, but he seldom drives his utterance home by any elaboration which he may make. To do this, however, except on the rarest occasions, is an achievement reserved for the greatest alone, and by the greatest is implied the few who are great at all points, and it is no discredit to Sidney to say that he was not of these ; he may still take rank with immortal names.

A poet to whom excellence can be allowed only on comparative and circumstantial grounds is, after all, in poor case. If he is only good as a pioneer, or for his years, or for his station, he cannot rightly be said to be good at all. As a pioneer Sidney makes an unanswerable claim to praise. He stands shoulder to shoulder with Spenser in the great movement of English verse. His friend, indeed, attained heights which he did not attempt, but he shares with him the honour of introducing new light and grace

and strength into the verse that had already been beaten into some comeliness by the poets of *Tottel's Miscellany*. His claims do not, however, end here. Apart from all relative considerations, and judged solely as a poet by the highest standards which we can find, he occupies an honourable place in our literature. His poems are worthy to be read, and are read, to-day for their positive achievement. Taking up a vehicle which was at the time experimental and lacking in any finality of polish, he imparted to it a sweetness which at its best has rarely been excelled. And he used it to give expression to griefs and exultations of his own experience. Setting these down with simplicity and honesty, he worked in the true tradition of all poets, and his appeal will stand with theirs through the ages.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

BIRMINGHAM, 1909.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to
show,

That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of
my pain,—

Pleasure might cause her read, reading might
make her know,—

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
obtain,—

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of
woe ;

Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,

Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would
flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-
burn'd brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's
stay ;

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's
blows ;

And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my
way.

Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in
my throes,

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite ;

Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and
write.

Intro
to the bliss he is
sincere about his love
I do so much let
a love clear up hard to
use others (strangers)
wishes to speak of
sd then in his heart

II

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed¹ shot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe,
will bleed ;

But known worth did in mine² of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.

I saw, and liked ; I liked, but loved not ;

I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed :

At length, to Love's decrees I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.

Now, even that footstep of lost liberty

Is gone ; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,

I call it praise to suffer tyranny ;

And now employ the remnant of my wit

To make myself believe that all is well,

While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

¹ Dribbed=dribbled=weak. Literally a term in archery, applied to a shaft that reaches its mark by an upward and downward flight, not by a level course. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, Act I., Sc. iii., l 2.

² Mine. Probably a reference to the practice of mining, as in sieges.—G.

ingression of his line, diff
from the usual
then easier to believe
it is in his and

III

LET dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
 That, bravely masked, their fancies may be told ;
 Or, Pindar's apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
 Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of
 gold ; *using checked terms to*
 Or else let them in statelier glory shine, *show chief of numbers*
 Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old ;
 Or with strange similes enrich each line,
 Of herbs or beasts which Ind or Afric hold.
 For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know ;
 Phrases and problems from my reach do grow ;
 And strange things cost too dear for my poor
 sprites :

How then? Even thus,—in Stella's face I read
 What Love and Beauty be ; then all my deed
 But copying is, what, in her, Nature writes.

repeating / or not invention of
prob
be only transcribe nature
without the modesty

IV

VIRTUE, alas, now let me take some rest ;
 Thou set'st a bate between my will and wit ;
 If vain Love have my simple soul oppress'd,
 Leave what thou lik'st not, deal not thou with it.
 Thy sceptre use in some old Cato's breast,
 Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit ;
 I do confess—pardon a fault confess'd—
 My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit. *colleague's*
 But if that needs thou wilt usurping be *touch*
 The little reason that is left in me,
 And still th' effect of thy persuasions prove,
 I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee,
 That shrines in flesh so true a deity,
 That, Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love.

do not choose me virtue
 if you saw Penelope you would
 fall in love too
 how little ^{less} interest I desire
 & therefore expect no more
 to be so effective

V

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do
 swerve,

Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.

It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
 Till that good god make church and churchmen
 starve.

True, that true beauty Virtue is indeed,
 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
 Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soul up to our country move:
 True, and yet true—that I must Stella love.

Stella is right for I can
 depend on my love

VI

SOME lovers speak, when they their muses entertain,
 Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires, ^{making}
 Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain, ^{1 m}
 Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and
freezing fires; ^{Underasters of loves}
 Someone his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales ^{show}
 attires, ^{Underasters of}
 Border'd with bulls and swans, powder'd with ^{contrast}
 golden rain;
 Another, humbler wit, to shepherd's pipes retires,
 Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.
 To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords,
 While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out
 his words,
 His paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth
 move.
 I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
 But think that all the map of my state I display
 When trembling voice brings forth, that I do Stella
 love.

again does not need correction
 to the in vicinity
 see before

VII

WHEN Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
 In colour black why wrapt she beams so bright?
 Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
 Frame daintiest lustre, mix'd of shades and light?
 Or did she else that sober hue devise,
 In object best to knit and strength our sight;
 Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
 They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight?
 Or would she her miraculous power show,
 That, whereas black seems Beauty's contrary,
 She even in black doth make all beauties flow?
 Both so, and thus,—she, minding Love should be
 Placed ever there, gave him this mourning-weed
 To honour all their deaths who for her bleed.

VIII

LOVE, born in Greece, of late fled from his native
place,

Forc'd, by a tedious proof, that Turkish harden'd
heart

Is not fit mark to pierce with his fine-pointed dart ;
And, pleased with our soft peace, stay'd here his
flying race :

But, finding these north climes too coldly him
embrace,

Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where with most ease and warmth he might
employ his art ;

At length he perch'd himself in Stella's joyful face,
Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on
snow,

Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from so
pure light,

Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow :

But she, most fair, most cold, made him thence
take his flight

To my close heart ; where, while some firebrands
he did lay,

He burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away.

image of Cupid frozen by Stella's
icy coldness - but came to us's
heart & then his wings were burnt

IX

QUEEN Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's
face,

Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,

Hath his front built of alabaster pure ;

Gold is the covering of that stately place.

The door, by which sometimes comes forth her
grace,

Red porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure,

Whose porches rich—which name of cheeks
endure—

Marble, mix'd red and white, do interlace.

The windows now, through which this heavenly
guest

Looks over the world, and can find nothing such,
Which dare claim from those lights the name of
best,

Of touch¹ ~~they are, that without touch do touch,~~

Which Cupid's self, from Beauty's mine did draw :

Of touch¹ they are, and poor I am their straw.

¹ Touch=in the first instance the lustre of a black marble known by the name, in the second the brilliance of lighted touchwood.—G.

A notable instance of the extravagant and confusing use of Elizabethan word-play.

X

REASON, in faith thou art well serv'd, that still
Wouldst brabbling be with Sense and Love in me ;
I rather wish'd thee climb the Muses' hill ;
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree ;
Or seek heav'n's course or heav'n's inside to see :
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till ?
Leave Sense, and those which Sense's objects be ;
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave Love to
Will.

But thou wouldst need fight both with Love and
Sense,
With sword of wit giving wounds of dispraise,
Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence ;
For, soon as they struck thee with Stella's rays,
Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offer'dst straight to
prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

paradox

XI

IN truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
 Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways,
 That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,
 Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind !
 For, like a child that some fair book doth find,
 With gilded leaves or colour'd vellum plays,
 Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
 But never heeds the fruit of Writer's mind ;
 So when thou saw'st, in Nature's cabinet,
 Stella, thou straight lookt'st babies in her eyes,
 In her cheeks' pit thou didst thy pitfold set,
 And in her breast bo-peep or crouching lies.
 Playing and shining in each outward part ;
 But, fool, seek'st not to get into her heart.

until it end

XII

CUPID, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes—
That from her locks, thy day-nets, none 'scapes
free—
That those lips swelled so full of thee they be—
That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to
rise—
That in her breast thy pap well sugar'd lies—
That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs—that
she,
What words soe'er she speak, persuades for thee—
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies—
Thou countest Stella thine, like those whose
powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry 'Victory, this fair day all is ours!'
O no! her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain,
That to win it is all the skill and pain.

XIII

PHÆBUS was judge between Jove, Mars, and Love,
Of these three gods, whose arms the fairest were.
Jove's golden shield did eagle sables bear,
Whose talons held young Ganymede above ;
But in vert field Mars bore a golden spear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did
shove :

Each had his crest, Mars carried Venus' glove,
Jove on his helm the thunderbolt did rear.
Cupid then smiles, for on his crest then lies
Stella's fair hair, her face he makes his shield,
Where roses gules are born in silver field.
Phœbus drew wide the curtains of the skies,
To blaze these last, and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matched, were scantly gentlemen.

XIV

ALAS, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend—
But with your rhubarb words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end.
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame ;
If that be sin, which in-fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.

XV

You that do search for every purling spring
 Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
 And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
 Near thereabouts, into your poesie wring ;
 Yet that do dictionary's method bring
 Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows ; *Sound
repetition*
 You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes
 With new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing :
 You take wrong ways ; those far-set helps be such
 As do bewray a want of inward touch,
 And sure, at length stolen goods do come to light ;
 But if, both for your love and skill, your name
 You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
 Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

XVI

IN Nature, apt to like, when I did see,
Beauties which were of many carats fine,
My boiling sprites did thither soon incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee :
But finding not those restless flames in me,
Which others said did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did
 whine,
By my soul judging what Love's pain might be.
But while I thus with this young lion played,
Mine eyes—shall I say curst or blest?—beheld
Stella : now that she is nam'd, need more be said ?
In her sight I a lesson new have spell'd ;
I now have learn'd love right, and learn'd even so
As they that being poisoned, poison know.

XVII

HIS Mother dear, Cupid offended late,
Because that Mars, grown slacker in her love,
With pricking shot he did not throughly move
To keep the place of their first loving state.
The boy refused for fear of Mars's hate,
Who threat'ned stripes, if he his wrath did prove ;
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove,
Brake bow, brake shafts, while Cupid weeping sat ;
Till that his grandame Nature, pitying it,
Of Stella's brows made him two better bows,
And in her eyes of arrows infinite.
O how for joy he leaps ! O how he crows !
And straight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Falls to shrewd turns ; and I was in his way.

Curly turn ?

XVIII

WITH what sharp checks I in myself am shent ¹
When into Reason's audit I do go,
And by just 'counts myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heav'n to me hath lent ;
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe ;
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent !
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth
toys ;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which, for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see, my course to loose my self doth bend ;
I see—and yet no greater sorrow take
Than that I loose no more for Stella's sake.

¹ Shent=punished. Cf. *The Interlude of Youth*.

' Would every man be content
Lest another day we be shent.'

XIX

ON Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wreck, and yet embrace the same !
When most I glory, then I feel most shame ;
I willing run, yet while I run repent ;
My best wits still their own disgrace invent :
My very ink turns straight to Stella's name ;
And yet my words, as then my pen doth frame,
Advise themselves that they are vainly spent :
For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall ?
O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature, for best fruits unfit.
Scholar, saith Love, bend hitherward your wit.¹

¹ The last three lines of this sonnet present considerable difficulty. The reading given above is that of the basic authorities quoted in the Prefatory Note, and is followed in all modern editions. Grosart explains—'as one props an overloaded branch fit by nature for best fruit, but unable in growth

to support the weight.' This is obviously clumsy and unsatisfactory, but is the only interpretation that can be made of the text as it stands. There is, however, an edition of *Astrophel and Stella*, published for Matthew Lownes in 1591 (the Bodleian copy is said to be the only one known), presumably between the issues of the two Newman quartos, which, whilst being negligible as an authority on account of its faulty printing, offers an exceedingly attractive alternative reading. If we accept 'prove' for 'prop,' and amend the punctuation—which is corrupt throughout the edition—we get

O let me prove my mind [to be] yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit;

Scholar, saith Love, bend hitherward your wit,

which elucidates the whole construction. A little more evidence in support of Lownes' edition would have induced me to substitute this reading in the body of the text.

XX

FLV, fly, my friends; I have my death's wound, fly ;
 See there that boy, that murth'ring boy, I say,
 Who, like a thief hid in dark bush, doth lie,
 Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.
 So, tyrant he, no fitter place could spy,
 Nor so fair level in so secret stay,
 As that sweet black which veils the heav'nly eye ;
 There himself with his shot he close doth lay.
 Poor passenger, pass now thereby I did,
 And stayed, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
 While that black hue from me the bad guest hid :
 But straight I saw motions of lightning grace ;
 And then descried the glist'rings of his dart :
 But ere I could fly thence, it pierc'd my heart.

4 62m

748-1253

XXI

YOUR words, my friend, (right healthful caustics)
I blame

My young mind marr'd, whom Love doth wind-
lass so ;

That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame ;

That Plato I read for nought but if he tame

Such coltish years ; that to my birth I owe

Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,

Great expectation, wear a train of shame ;

For since mad March great promise made of me,

If now the May of my years much decline,

What can be hoped my harvest-time will be ?

Sure, you say well. Your wisdom's golden mine.

Dig deep with learning's spade. Now tell me
this—

Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is ?

conclusion

lack of mine is to love appears to be

there
but for
love is
conclusion

at heart of love

XXII

IN highest way of heav'n the sun did ride,
 Progressing then from fair Twins' golden place,
 Having no mask of clouds before his face,
 But shining forth of heat in his chief pride ;
 When some fair ladies, by hard promise tied,
 On horseback met him in his furious race ;
 Yet each prepar'd with fan's well-shading grace
 From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide.
 Stella alone with face unarmèd march'd,
 Either to do like him which open shone,
 Or careless of the wealth, because her own.
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parch'd ;
 Her dainties bare went free : the cause was
 this,—
 The sun, which others burn'd, did her but kiss.

*Large
 Character of St.*

XXIII

THE curious wits, seeing dull Pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains and missing aim, do guess.
 Some, that know how my spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge
 plies ;

Others, because the prince my service tries,
 Think that I think State errors to redress :
 But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or otherwise : alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
 But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

*some think I either have
 had of knowledge, others that
 en, thus that ambitious
 powers of thought*

XXIV

RICH¹ fools there be whose base and filthy heart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
 And damning their own selves to Tantal's smart,
 Wealth breeding want more rich, more wretched
 grow :

Yet to those fools Heav'n doth such wit impart,
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
 And knowing love, and loving lay apart
 As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
 But² that rich fool, who by blind fortune's lot
 The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
 And can with foul abuse such beauties blot ;
 Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joys,
 Exil'd for aye from those high treasures which
 He knows not, grow in only folly Rich !

¹ Sidney here as elsewhere is punning on the name of Stella's husband.

² But=except only.

XXV

making fun
of scholars

THE wisest scholar of the wight most wise
 By Phœbus' doom, with sugar'd sentence says,
 That virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
 Strange flames of love it in our souls would raise ;
 But, for that man with pain this truth describes,
 Whiles he each thing in Sense's balance weighs,
 And so nor will nor can behold those skies
 Which inward sun to heroic mind displays,
 Virtue of late, with virtuous care to stir
 Love of herself, took Stella's shape, that she
 To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
 It is most true ; for since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
 And find the effect, for I do burn in love.

in S. d.

the beauty of virtue
 which he, renounces on
 other occasions

XXVI

THOUGH dusty wits dare scorn Astrology,
 And fools can think those lamps of purest light—
 Whose numbers, ways, greatness, eternity,
 Promising wonders, wonder do invite—
 To have for no cause birthright in the sky
 But for to spangle the black weeds of Night ;
 Or for some brawl, which in that chamber hie,
 They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
 For me, I do Nature unidle know,
 And know great causes great effects procure ;
 And know those bodies high reign on the low.
 And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
 Who oft fore-see my after-following race,-
 By only those two stars in Stella's face.

*A Sd's eyes ~~cannot~~
 possess not only the
 physical nature of stars,
 but also the mystical
 astrological nature.*

XXVII

BECAUSE I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise ;
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride I think doth not my soul possess
(Which looks too oft in this unflattering glass) :
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

on his better As's friends
his desire to think he alone
is.

XXVIII

You that with Allegory's curious frame
 Of other's children changelings use to make,
 With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take ;
 I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
 When I say Stella, I do mean the same
 Princess of beauty, for whose only sake
 The reins of Love I love, though never slack,
 And joy therein, though Nations count it shame.
 I beg no subject to use eloquence,
 Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy ;
 Look at my hands for no such quintessence ;
 But know that I in pure simplicity
 Breathe out the flames which burn within my
 heart,
 Love only reading unto me this art.

Love goes to the teacher Sid.
his ans

XXIX

LIKE some weak lords neighbour'd by mighty
kings,
To keep themselves and their chief cities free,
Do eas'ly yield that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their camps of needful things ;
So Stella's heart, finding what power Love brings,
To keep itself in life and liberty,
Doth willing grant that in the frontiers he
Use all to help his other conquerings.
And thus her heart escapes ; but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds are,
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphal car,
Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave ;
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Upon that coast, am giv'n up for slave.

medaphor on 5d's body
inconvenient ?

XXX

WHETHER the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill her horns this year on Christian coast?
How Poles' right king means without leave of
host
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy?
If French can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast?
How Holland hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree?
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the Scotch Court be no welt'ring yet?
These questions busy wits to me do frame:
I, cumber'd with good manners, answer dó,
But know not how; for still I think of you.

XXXI

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
 skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?¹

¹ Lamb, with his usual insight, draws attention to the obscurity in this line, and says : ' He (Sidney) means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue ? '—*Essays of Elia*.

why then
 scorning ^{sd's} notice how G
 & poems eye passing is

XXXII

MORPHEUS, the lively son of deadly sleep,
 Witness of life to them that living die,
 A prophet oft, and oft an history,
 A poet eke, as humours fly or creep ;
 Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
 That never I with closed-up sense do lie,
 But by thy work my Stella I descry,
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep ;
 Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
 Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,
 To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well ?
 Fool ! answers he ; no Indies such treasures hold ;
 But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
 Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

g d. more beautiful than
 the image of Morpheus

XXXIII

*good rhythm &
words for
indulgence*

I MIGHT!—unhappy word—O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss ;
Till now wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find how heav'nly day, wretch ! I did miss.
Heart, rent thyself, thou dost thyself but right ;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his ;
No force, no fraud robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is ;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show :
And yet could not, by rising morn foresee
How fair a day was near : O punish'd eyes,
That I had been more foolish, or more wise !

on this

confused & confused
 drain in the J. poem
 XXXIV disjuncted line
 continuing the story

COME, let me write. And to what end? To ease
 A burthened heart. How can words ease, which
 are

The glasses of thy daily-vexing care?
 Oft cruel fights well pictured-forth do please
 Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.
 But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?
 Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
 What idler thing than speak and not be heard?
 What harder thing than smart and not to speak?
 Peace, foolish wit! with wit my wit is marr'd.
 Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreak
 My harms in ink's poor loss. Perhaps some find
 Stella's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

attention
 as.

confused -
 wanting wanting
 ink's poor loss - to write to ease
 his mind

XXXV

WHAT may words say, or what may words not say,
 Where Truth itself must speak like Flattery?
 Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
 Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
 What Nestor's Council can my flames allay,
 Since Reason's self doth blow the coal in me?
 And, ah, what hope that Hope should once see
 day,

Where Cupid is sworn page to Chastity?
 Honour is honour'd, that thou dost possess
 Him as thy slave, and now long-needy Fame
 Doth even grow rich naming my Stella's name.
 Wit learns in thee perfection to express,
 Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raised:
 It is a praise to praise, when thou art praised.

*as conveyed as to
 nature of in the*

*Hope destroyed by virtue
 of Chastity's virtue*

a denotation of an as

XXXVI

STELLA, whence do these new assaults arise,
 A conquer'd yielding ransack'd heart to win,
 Whereto long since, through my long-battered eyes,
 Whole armies of thy beauties enter'd in?
 And there, long since, Love, thy lieutenant, lies;
 My forces razed, thy banners rais'd within:
 Of conquest do not these effects suffice,
 But wilt new war upon thine own begin?
 With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skill'd withal
 In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show,
 That not my soul, which at thy foot did fall
 Long since, forc'd by thy beams: but stone nor
 tree,
 By Sense's privilege, can 'scape from thee!

neg. 12

XXXVII

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be :
Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Towards Aurora's Court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eyes can see ;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel ;
Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown ;
Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

Good pen

XXXVIII

THIS night, while sleep begins with heavy wings
 To hatch¹ mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
 Doth fall to stray, and my chief powers are brought
 To leave the sceptre of all subject things ;
 The first that straight my fancy's error brings
 Unto my mind is Stella's image, wrought
 By Love's own self, but with so curious drought
 That she, methinks, not only shines but sings.
 I start, look, hark ; but what in clos'd-up sense
 Was held, in open'd sense it flies away,
 Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.
 I seeing better sights in sight's decay,
 Called it anew, and wooèd sleep again ;
 But him, her host, that unkind guest had slain.²

¹ Hatch = close.

² The meaning of ll. 13, 14 is involved. Called it, *i.e.*, sight's decay, sleep. But him, *i.e.*, sleep, that unkind guest, *i.e.*, Stella's image.

XXXIX

COME, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease ¹
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
O make me in those civil wars to cease ;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy ² garland and a weary head :
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

¹ Prease=press.

² Grosart draws attention to the presumable play on 'sub-rosa,' but it is, I think, an instance where ignorance is better than knowledge. The pun is ugly, and the line as it stands is beautiful. I prefer to admit a vagueness of meaning. Might not a 'rosy garland' refer to the light of thought and imagination in the mind, the brain? The suggestion is, perhaps, fantastic, but it offers a solution preferable to the grotesque play upon words.

grosart

XL

As good to write, as for to lie and groan.
 O Stella dear, how much thy power hath wrought,
 That hast my mind—now of the basest—brought
 My still-kept course, while others sleep, to moan ;
 Alas, if from the height of Virtue's throne
 Thou can'st vouchsafe the influence of a thought
 Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought,
 Weigh then how I by thee am overthrown ;
 And then think thus—although thy beauty be
 Made manifest by such a victory,
 Yet noble conquerors do wrecks avoid.
 Since then thou hast so far subdued me,
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,
 O do not let thy temple be destroy'd.

See long 6. 1

XLI

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France ;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks my strength ; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth
rise ;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance ;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry ! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heav'nly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XLII

O EYES, which do the spheres of beauty move ;
Whose beams be joys, whose joys all virtues be ;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer
Love ;

The schools where Venus hath learn'd chastity :
O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
Only-loved tyrants, just in cruelty ;—
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
Keep still my zenith, ever shine on me :
For though I never see them, but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languish'd sp'rits ;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays :
And if from majesty of sacred lights
Oppressing mortal sense my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be which Love high set doth
breed.

LXIII

FAIR eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I
Could hope, by Cupid's help, on you to prey,
Since to himself he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stay !
For when he will see who dare him gainsay,
Then with those eyes he looks : lo, by and by
Each soul doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that Love's self them doth
love,
With either lip he doth the other kiss ;
But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,¹
Where well he knows no man to him can come.

¹ Rome=room.

XLIV

My words I know do well set forth my mind ;
 My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart ;
 Such smart may pity claim of any heart ;
 Her heart, sweet heart, is of no tiger's kind :
 And yet she hears, and yet no pity I find,
 But more I cry, less grace she doth impart.
 Alas, what cause is there so overthwart,¹
 That nobleness itself makes thus unkind ?
 I much do guess, yet find no truth save this,
 That when the breath of my complaints doth
 touch
 Those dainty doors unto the Court of Bliss,
 The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
 That, once come there, the sobs of mine annoys
 Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of joys.

¹ Overthwart=opposite, cross.—G.

XLV

STELLA oft sees the very face of woe
 Painted in my beclouded stormy face,
 But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
 Not though thereof the cause herself she know :
 Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
 Of lovers never known, a grievous case,
 Pity thereof gat in her breast such place,
 That, from that sea deriv'd, tears' spring did flow.
 Alas, if Fancy, drawn by imag'd things
 Though false, yet with free scope, more grace
 doth breed
 Than servant's wreck, where new doubts honour
 brings ;
 Then think, my dear, that you in me do read
 Of lovers' ruin some sad tragedy.
 I am not I ; pity the tale of me.

very effective

*Fancy more powerful than
reality*

*He has said this in defense of
poetry*

XLVI

I CURST thee oft, I pity now thy case,
Blind-hitting Boy, since she that thee and me
Rules with a beck, so tyranniseth thee,
That thou must want or food or dwelling-place,
For she protests to banish thee her face :
Her face ! O Love, a rogue thou then shouldst be,
If Love learn not alone to love and see,
Without desire to feed on further grace.
Alas, poor wag, that now a scholar art,
To such a schoolmistress, whose lessons new
Thou needs must miss, and so thou needs must
smart.
Yet, dear, let me his pardon get of you,
So long, though he from book myche¹ to desire,
Till without fuel you can make hot fire.

¹ Myche=plays truant.

XLVII

WHAT, have I thus betrayed my liberty !
 Can those black beams such burning marks
 engrave
 In my free side ; or am I born a slave,
 Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny !
 Or want I sense to feel my misery,
 Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have !
 Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
 May get no alms, but scorn of beggary.
 Virtue, awake ! Beauty, but beauty is ;
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
 Let her go ! Soft, but here she comes ! Go to,
 Unkind, I love you not ! O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie !

*Herndon's pocket
 of copies*

XLVIII

Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might ;
Where Love is chasteness, Pain doth learn delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty.
Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that sight ;
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light ;
O look, O shine, O let me die, and see.
For though I oft myself of them bemoan
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds even now most freshly
 bleed,
Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, spare not thy sweet-cruel shot ;
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

XLIX*

I ON my horse, and Love on me, doth try
Our horsemanships, while my strange work I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love,
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast ! descry.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reverence
 move,
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boss above
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye :
The wand is will ; thou, Fancy, saddle art,
Girt fast by Memory ; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs with sharp desire my heart ;
He sits me fast, however I do stir ;
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the menage myself take delight.

L

STELLA, the fulness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be express'd :
And yet, as soon as they so formèd be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth do
find ;

And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,
But that they stopp'd his fury from the same,
Because their fore-front bear sweet Stella's name.

LI

PARDON mine ears, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue still fluently proceed,
To them that do such entertainment need ;
So may you still have somewhat new to say.
On silly me do not the burden lay
Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed ;
But find some Hercules to bear, instead
Of Atlas tired, your wisdom's heav'nly sway.
For me,—while you discourse of courtly tides,
Of cunning fishers in most troubled streams,
Of straying ways, when valiant Error guides,—
Meanwhile my heart confers with Stella's beams,
And is even irk'd that so sweet comedy
By such unsuited speech should hinder'd be.

LII

A STRIFE is grown between Virtue and Love,
 While each pretends that Stella must be his :
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Love, do this,
 Since they do wear his badge, most firmly prove.
 But Virtue thus that title doth disprove,
 That Stella,—O dear name ! that Stella is
 That virtuous soul, sure heir of heav'nly bliss,
 Not this fair outside, which our heart doth move :
 And therefore, though her beauty and her grace
 Be Love's indeed, in Stella's self he may
 By no pretence claim any manner place.
 Well, Love, since this demur our suit doth stay,
 Let Virtue have that Stella's self ; yet thus,
 That Virtue but that body grant to us.

major conflict
Virtue & Love

LIII

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While, with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise even fill'd my veins with
pride ;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery prancing in the press :
What now, Sir Fool ! said he,—I would no less :
Look here, I say ! I look'd, and Stella spied,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine
eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight,
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries :
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
 Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
 Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
 The Courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
 Of them which in their lips Love's standard bear :
 What, he ! (say they of me) : now I dare swear
 He cannot love ; no, no, let him alone.
 And think so still, so Stella know my mind ;
 Profess in deed I do not Cupid's art ;
 But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
 That his right badge is but worn in the heart ;
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove ;
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

defying convention
 nature of love is circular

LV

MUSES, I oft invoked your holy aid,
With choicest flowers my speech to engarland so,
That it, despised in true but naked show,
Might win some grace in your sweet grace array'd ;
And oft whole troops of saddest words I stay'd,
Striving abroad a-foraging to go,
Until by your inspiring I might know
How their black banner might be best display'd.
But now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other sug'ring of my speech to prove,
But on her name incessantly to cry ;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So sweet sounds straight mine ear and heart do
hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI

FIE, school of Patience, fie ! your lesson is
Far, far too long to learn it without book :
What, a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I should not your large precepts miss !
When I might read those letters fair of bliss
Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy lead'n counsels, which I took
As of a friend that meant not much amiss.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
What, dost thou think that I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight ?
No, Patience ; if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come and hear with patience my desire,
And then with patience bid me bear my fire.

LVII

Woe having made, with many fights, his own
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of
mind ;

Grown now his slaves, he forc'd them out to find
The throughest words fit for Woe's self to groan,
Hoping that when they might find Stella alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind,
Her soul, arm'd but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the
moan.

She heard my complaints, and did not only hear,
But them, so sweet is she, most sweetly sing,
With that fair breast making Woe's darkness
clear.

A pretty case ; I hoped her to bring
To feel my grief ; and she, with face and voice,
So sweets my pains, that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII

DOUBT there hath been when with his golden
chain

The orator so far men's hearts doth bind,
That no pace else their guided steps can find,
But as he them more short or slack doth rein,
Whether with words this sov'reignty he gain,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons
lin'd,

Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudest brain.

Now judge by this : in piercing phrases late
Th' anatomy of all my woes I wrate ;¹

Stella's sweet breath the same to me did read.

O voice, O face ! maugre my speech's might,
Which wooèd woe, most ravishing delight

Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

¹ Wrate=wrote.

LIX

DEAR, why make you more of a dog than me ?
If he do love, I burn, I burn in love ;
If he wait well, I never thence would move ;
If he be fair, yet but a dog can be ;
Little he is, so little worth is he ;
He barks, my songs thine own voice oft doth
 prove ;

Bidden, perhaps he fetchèd thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch even my soul to thee.
Yet, while I languish, him that bosom clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,
This sour-breath'd mate taste of those sugar'd
 lips.

Alas, if you grant only such delight
To witless things, then Love, I hope—since wit
Becomes a clog—will soon ease me of it.

Lunnon

LX

WHEN my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in Stella see,
That heav'n of joys throws only down on me
Thund'ring disdains and lightnings of disgrace ;
But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she,
With words wherein the Muses' treasures be,
Shows love and pity to my absent case.
Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
Then, some good body, tell me how I do,
Whose presence absence, absence presence is ;
Blest in my curse, and cursèd in my bliss.

LXI

OFT with true sighs, oft with uncallèd tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I Stella's eyes assail'd, invade her ears ;
But this, at last, is her sweet-breath'd defence :
That who indeed infelt affection bears,
So captives to his saint both soul and sense,
That, wholly hers, all selfness he forbears,
Then his desires he learns, his life's course thence.
Now, since her chaste mind hates this love in me,
With chasten'd mind I straight must show that
she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
O Doctor Cupid, thou for me reply ;
Driv'n else to grant, by angel's sophistry,
That I love not without I leave to love.

LXII

LATE tired with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I called my Love unkind ;
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine,
Sweet said, that I true love in her should find.
I joyed ; but straight thus water'd was my wine,—
That love she did, but loved a love not blind ;
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler cause, fit for my birth and mind :
And therefore, by her love's authority,
Willed me these tempests of vain love to fly,
And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore.
Alas, if this the only metal be
Of love new coin'd to help my beggary,
Dear, love me not, that you may love me more.

LXIII

O GRAMMAR-RULES, O now your virtues show ;
So children still read you with awful eyes,
As my young dove may, in your precepts wise,
Her grant to me by her own virtue know :
For late, with heart most high, with eyes most
 low,
I crav'd the thing which ever she denies ;
She, lightning love, displaying Venus' skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twice said No, No.
Sing then, my Muse, now *Io Paeon* sing ;
Heav'ns envy not at my high triumphing,
But grammar's force with sweet success confirm :
For grammar says,—O this, dear Stella, say,—
For grammar says,—to grammar who says nay?—
That in one speech two negatives affirm !

making fun of grammar

FIRST SONG

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes
intendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged, to music
lendeth ?

To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with
pleasure ?

Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure ?
To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only for you the heaven forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth ?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth ?
To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetness
planteth ?

Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets
wanteth ?

To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions
nourish ?

Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth
cherish ?

To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke
subdueth ?

Who long dead beauty with increase reneweth ?

To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest fastest tieth ?

Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth ?

To you ! to you ! all song of praise is due :
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath 'the voice, which soul from senses
sunders?

Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty
thunders?

To you! to you! all song of praise is due :
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes
intendeth,

Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music
lendeth?

To you! to you! all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try ;
O give my passions leave to run their race ;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry ;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye ;
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,—
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame ;
Nor ought do care though some above me sit ;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart :
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

LXV

LOVE, by sure proof I may call thee unkind,
 That giv'st no better ear to my just cries ;
 Thou whom to me such my good turns should bind,
 As I may well recount, but none can prize :¹
 For when, nak'd Boy, thou couldst no harbour find
 In this old world, grown now so too too wise,
 I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
 By nature born, I gave to thee mine eyes ;
 Mine eyes ! my light, my heart, my life, alas !
 If so great services may scorn'd be,
 Yet let this thought thy tigrish courage pass,²
 That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee ;
 Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath
 spread,
 Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow-head.

¹ Prize=price.² Pass=over-pass, *i.e.*, dominate.—G.

LXVI

AND do I see some cause a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakened minds quick apprehending breed
Of every image which may comfort show?
I cannot brag of word, much less of deed,
Fortune's wheel's still with me in one sort slow ;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need ;
Desire still on stilts of fear doth go.
And yet amid all fears a hope there is,
Stol'n to my heart since last fair night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
Looking on me while I look'd other way :
But when mine eyes back to their heav'n did move,
They fled with blush which guilty seem'd of love.

LXVII

HOPE, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
 Doth Stella now begin with piteous eye
 The ruins of her Conquest to espy?
 Will she take time before all wrecked be?
 Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee,
 But fail'st thou not in phrase so heav'nly high?
 Look on again, the fair text better pry;
 What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?
 What sighs stol'n out, or kill'd before full-born?
 Hast thou found such and such-like arguments,
 Or art thou else to comfort me forsworn?
 Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
 I am resolv'd thy error to maintain,
 Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

pressey to daughter

LXVIII

STELLA, the only planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chief good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight ;
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite
With force more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
Fed by thy worth, and kindled by thy sight?
And all in vain : for while thy breath most sweet
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet,
Labour to kill in me this killing care :
O think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a virtue to enjoy !

LXIX

O joy too high for my low style to show !
O bliss fit for a nobler state than me !
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow !
My friend, that oft saw through all masks my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee.
Gone is the winter of my misery !
My spring appears ; O see what here doth grow :
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy :
I, I, Oh I, may say that she is mine !
And though she give but thus conditionly,
This realm of bliss while virtuous course I take,
No kings be crown'd but they some covenants
make.

LXX

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep :
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.
Sonnets be not bound prentice to annoy ;
Trebles sing high, so well as basses deep ;
Grief but Love's winter-livery is ; the boy
Hath cheeks to smile, so well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse, show the force of delight
In well-rais'd notes ; my pen, the best it may,
Shall pant out joy, though but in black and white.
Cease, eager Muse ; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,—
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

LXXI

WHO will in fairest book of Nature know
 How virtue may best lodg'd in beauty be,
 Let him but learn of Love to read in thee,
 Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.
 There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
 Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly,
 That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
 And, not content to be Perfection's heir
 Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
 Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair :
 So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
 As fast thy virtue bends that love to good :
 But, ah, Desire still cries, give me some food.

*great unkind
 at end*

LXXII

DESIRE, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descry,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart ;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part ;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to fly ;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie ;
Virtue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honour, wonder with delight,
Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite ;
These things are left me by my only Dear :
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banish'd art ; but yet, alas, how shall ?¹

¹ How shall I banish thee?—G.

SECOND SONG

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewel,
 Teaching sleep most fair to be !
 Now will I teach her that she,
 When she wakes, is too too cruel.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
 The two only darts of Love,
 Now will I, with that Boy, prove
 Some play, while he is disarmèd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth
 Giving frankly niggard 'No :'
 Now will I attempt to know
 What 'No' her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand that, waking, guardeth,
 Sleeping, grants a free resort :
 Now will I invade the fort :
 Cowards Love with loss rewardeth.

But, O fool, think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain ;
Now will I, alas, refrain :
Love fears nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss.
Now will I but venture this ;
Who will read, must first learn spelling.

Oh, sweet kiss ! but, ah, she's waking,
Low'ring beauty chastens me :
Now will I for fear hence fly ;
Fool, more fool, for no more taking.

took the
kiss

LXXIII

LOVE, still a Boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd only by his mother's tender eye ;
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try ?
And yet my star, because a sugar'd kiss
In sport I suck'd while she asleep did lie,
Doth lower, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves ; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne ; see now, who dares come
near
Those scarlet Judges, threat'ning bloody pain.
O heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

LXXIV

I NEVER drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit,
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it ;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth
 flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?
Guess we the cause ? What, is it this : Fie, no.
Or so ? Much less. How then ? Sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

LXXV

OF all the Kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named fourth, as first in praise, I name :
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on fame.
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His Sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain ;
And gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
That balance weigh'd, what sword did late obtain.
Nor that he made the fleur-de-lys so 'fraid,—
Though strongly hedg'd—of bloody lions' paws,
That witty Louis to him a tribute paid :
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

LXXVI

SHE comes, and straight therewith her shining
twins do move

Their rays to me, who in their tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold woe ; but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of love.

She comes with light and warmth, which, like
Aurora, prove

Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosy morn, whose beams, most freshly
gay,

Scorch not, but only do dark chilling sprites re-
move.

But, lo, while I do speak, it groweth noon with
me,

Her flamy glistening lights increase with time and
place,

My heart cries, ah ! it burns, mine eyes now
dazzled be ;

No wind, no shade can cool : what help then in
my case ?

But with short breath, long looks, staid feet, and
aching head,

Pray that my sun go down with meeker beams to
bed.

LXXVII

THOSE looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion
is delight ;
That face, whose lecture shows what perfect beauty
is ;
That presence, which doth give dark hearts a
living light ;
That grace, which Venus weeps that she herself
doth miss ;
That hand, which without touch holds more than
Atlas might ;
Those lips, which make death's pay a mean price
for a kiss ;
That skin, whose pass-praise hue scorns this poor
term of white ;
Those words, which do sublime the quintessence
of bliss ;
That voice which makes the soul plant himself in
the ears ;
That conversation sweet, where such high comforts
. be,

As, conster'd¹ in true speech, the name of heav'n
it bears ;

Makes me in my best thoughts and quietest judgments see

That in no more but these I might be fully blest :
Yet, ah, my maiden Muse doth blush to tell the
best.

¹ Conster'd=construed.

LXXVIII

O HOW the pleasant airs of true love be
Infected by those vapours which arise
From out that noisome gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of hellish Jealousy !
A monster, others' harm, self-misery,
Beauty's plague, Virtue's scourge, succour of lies ;
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
And only cherish doth with injury :
Who since he hath, by Nature's special grace,
So piercing paws as spoil when they embrace ;
So nimble feet as stir still, though on thorns ;
So many eyes, aye seeking their own woe ;
So ample ears as never good news know :
Is it not evil that such a devil wants horns ?

LXXIX

SWEET kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly
indite,
Which, e'en of sweetness sweetest sweetner art ;
Pleasing'st consort, where each sense holds a part ;
Which, coupling doves, guides Venus' chariot
right.
Best charge, and bravest retreat in Cupid's fight ;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich when most his riches it impart ;
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean at once to take and give ;
The friendly fray, where blows doth wound and
heal,
The pretty death, while each in other live.
Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promised weal ;
Breakfast of love. But lo, lo, where she is,
Cease we to praise ; now pray we for a kiss.

LXXX

SWEET-SWELLING lip, well may'st thou swell in
pride,
Since best wits think it wit thee to admire ;
Nature's praise, Virtue's stall ; Cupid's cold fire ;
Whence words, not words but heav'nly graces
slide ;
The new Parnassus, where the Muses bide :
Sweetner of music, Wisdom's beautifier,
Breather of life, and fastner of desire,
Where Beauty's blush in Honour's grain is dyed.
Thus much my heart compell'd my mouth to say ;
But now, spite of my heart, my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this flattery is :
And no spur can his resty race renew,
Without, how far this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet
kiss.¹

Without, sweet lip, you teach with a kiss how far this praise
is short of you.—G.

LXXXI

O KISS, which doth those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new-found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweet'ning to the heart,
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise ;—
O kiss, which souls, even souls, together ties
By links of love and only Nature's art,
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part !
But she forbids ; with blushing words she says
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise.
But my heart burns ; I cannot silent be.
Then, since, dear life, you fain would have me
 peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.

LXXXII

Nymph of the garden where all beauties be,
Beauties which do in excellency pass
His who till death look'd in a wat'ry glass,
Or hers whom nak'd the Trojan boy did see ;
Sweet garden-nymph, which keeps the cherry-tree
Whose fruit doth far th' Esperian taste surpass,
Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not, alas,
From coming near those cherries banish me.
For though, full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best-gracèd grace,
I caught at one of them, a¹ hungry bit ;
Pardon that fault ; once more grant me the place ;
And I do swear, even by the same delight,
I will but kiss ; I never more will bite.

¹ Grosart conjectures 'and' instead of 'a.' I see no good ground for so doing. Why not ahungry, as aweary, etc.?

LXXXIII

Good brother Philip,¹ I have borne you long ;
I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seem'd your cut² to keep.
As though that fair soft hand did you great
wrong :

I bare with envy, yet I bare your song,
When in her neck you did love-ditties peep ;
Nay—more fool I—oft suffered you to sleep
In lilies' nest where Love's self lies along.
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts
augment ?

Is sauciness reward of courtesy ?
Cannot such grace your silly self content,
But you must needs with those lips billing be,
And through those lips drink nectar from that
tongue ?

Leave that, Sir Phip, lest off your neck be wrung !

¹ brother Philip=a sparrow.

² Cut=quarrelsome nature.—G.

THIRD SONG

IF Orpheus' voice had force to breathe such
music's love

Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make
them move :

If stones good measure danced the Theban walls
to build,

To cadence of the tunes which Amphion's lyre
did yield :

More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth.

O stones, O trees, learn hearing, — Stella
singeth !

If love might sweeten so a boy of shepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taste love's dainty food :

If eagle fierce could so in Grecian maid delight,
As her eyes were his light, her death his endless
night :

Earth gave that love. Heaven, I trow, love
refineth.

O beasts, O birds, look, love, lo, Stella
shineth !

The beasts, birds, stones and trees feel this; and
feeling, love.

And if the trees nor stones stir not the same to
prove,

Nor beasts nor birds do come unto this blessed
gaze,

Know that small love is quick, and great love doth
amaze.

They are amazed: but you, with reason
armed,

O eyes, O ears of men, how are you charmed

LXXXIV

HIGH way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody.
Now blessèd you bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet ;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed ;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot ;
Nor blam'd for blood, nor sham'd for sinful deed ;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blis's,—
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

LXXXV

I SEE the house,—my heart thyself contain !
Beware full sails drown not thy tott'ring barge,
Lest joy, by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wreck beyond thy limits strain ;
Nor do like lords whose weak confusèd brain,
Not 'pointing to fit folks each undercharge,
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.
But give apt servants their due place : let eyes
See beauty's total sum summ'd in her face ;
Let ears hear speech which wit to wonder ties ;
Let breath suck up those sweets ; let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips Love's indentures make ;
Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

FOURTH SONG

ONLY Joy, now here you are,
 Fit to hear and ease my care,
 Let my whispering voice obtain
 Sweet reward for sharpest pain ;
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Night hath clos'd all in her cloak,
 Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
 Danger hence good care doth keep,
 Jealousy himself doth sleep ;
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Better place no wit can find,
 Cupid's knot to loose or bind ;
 These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
 Us in their best language woo :
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose ;
So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else, none can us spy ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house :
Yet asleep, methinks they say,
Young fools take time while you may ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay, ere he grant the same :
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtains spread ;
She thinks you do letters write ;
Write, but first let me indite ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
 Concord better fitteth us;
 Leave to Mars the force of hands,
 Your power in your beauty stands;
 Take me to thee, and thee to me:
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Woe to me, and do you swear
 Me to hate, but I forbear?
 Cursed be my destinies all,
 That brought me so high to fall;
 Soon with my death I will please thee:
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

insoluble conflict

human life span &
 the continued refusal

- she would even let
 him die

LXXXVI

ALAS, whence came this change of looks? If I
Have chang'd desert, let mine own conscience be
A still felt plague to self-condemning me ;
Let woe grip on my heart, shame load mine eye :
But if all faith, like spotless ermine, lie
Save in my soul, which only doth to thee,
As his sole object of felicity,
With wings of love in air of wonder fly,
O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave ;
In justice pains come not till faults do call :
Or if I needs, sweet Judge, must torments have,
Use something else to chasten me withal
Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes do
 dwell :
No doom should make one's heav'n become his
 hell.

Low in Lev.

FIFTH SONG

WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope was
brought,

Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow
thought ;

Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy
glory,

I thought all words were lost that were not spent
of thee,

I thought each place was dark, but where thy
lights would be,

And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out
thy story.

I said thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou
art ;

I said thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my
heart ;

I said my soul was thine, O that I then had lied !

I said thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milken
way,

Thy fingers Cupid's shafts, thy voice the angels'
lay :

And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills
delight ;

Yet thought and speech do live, though meta-
morphosed quite :

For rage now rules the reins which guided were
by pleasure.

I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy
praise,

That speech falls now to blame which did thy
honour raise.

The same key open can, which can lock up a
treasure.

Thou then whom partial heavens conspired in one
to frame

The proof of beauty's worth, th' inheritrix of
fame,

The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of
lovers :

See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou
flewest most high :

See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy
honour's sky :

Whose own fault casts him down, hardly high
state recovers.

*So how appears heavenly
ent to C.*

And, O my Muse, though oft you lulled her in
your lap,

And then a heavenly child, gave her ambrosian
pap,

And to that brain of hers, your kindest gifts
infused ;

Since she, disdainning me, doth you in me disdain,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain.

Princes in subjects wronged, must deem them-
selves abused.

Your client, poor my self, shall Stella handle so ?

Revenge, revenge, my Muse, Defiance' trumpet
blow !

Threaten what may be done, yet do more than
you threaten.

Ah ! my suit granted is, I feel my breast doth
swell ;

Now, child, a lesson new you shall begin to
spell,—

Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls
must be beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-
odoured snow,

Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden row,

Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curls are
broken ;

But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungrateful-
ness,

As where thou soon might'st help, most faith doth
most oppress.

Ungrateful who is called, the worst of evils is
spok'n.

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a Thief! A
Thief!

Now God forbid ! A Thief ! and of worst thieves,
the chief.

Thieves steal for need ; and steal but goods which
pain recovers :

But thou, rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from
me,

Which cannot be restored by time nor industry.

Of foes, the spoil is evil : far worse of constant
lovers.

Yet gentle English thieves do rob, but will not
slay.

Thou English murdering thief, wilt have hearts for
thy prey.

The name of murderer now on thy fair forehead
 sitteth,
 And even while I do speak, my death wounds
 bleeding be,
 Which, I protest, proceed from only cruel
 thee :
 Who may, and will not, save, murder in truth
 committeth.

But murder's private fault seems but a toy to
 thee :
 I lay then to thy charge unjustest Tyranny,
 If rule by force without all claim, a tyrant
 showeth.
 For thou dost lord my heart, who am not born thy
 slave,
 And which is worse, makes me, most guiltless,
 torments have.
 A rightful prince by unright deeds a tyrant
 groweth.

Lo ! you grow proud with this, for tyrants make
 folk bow :
 Of foul rebellion then I do appeach thee now,

Rebel by Nature's laws, rebel by law of reason.

Thou sweetest subject wert born in the realm of
Love ;

And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily
prove :

No virtue merits praise, once touched with blot of
treason.

But valiant rebels oft in fools' mouths purchase
fame :

I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame,
Both rebel to the son and vagrant from the mother ;
For wearing Venus' badge, in every part of thee,
Unto Diana's train thou Runaway didst flee !
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough? Nay, far worse
cometh here ;

A Witch, I say, thou art, though thou so fair
appear ;

For I protest my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am changed ; I am alive and dead,
My feet are turned to roots, my heart becometh
lead :

No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind
destroyeth.

*to show the longer within
reaches the port of of
the sea*

Yet witches may repent ; thou art far worse than
they :

Alas, that I am forced such evil of thee to say :

I say thou art a devil, though clothed in angel's
shining ;

For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heaven
for thee,

And thy words of refuse do pour even hell on me.

Who tempt, and tempting plague, are Devils in
true defining.

You then ungrateful thief, you murdering tyrant,
you,

You rebel runaway, to lord and lady untrue,

You witch, you devil, alas, you still of me beloved,

You see what I can say ; mend yet your froward
mind,

And such skill in my Muse you, reconciled, shall
find,

That all these cruel words, your praises shall be
proved.

*cannot really force
himself to be unreflective*

SIXTH SONG

O you that hear this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place :
 Fear not to judge this bate,
 For it is void of hate.

This side doth Beauty take,
For that doth Music speak ;
Fit orators to make
The strongest judgments weak :
 The bar to plead their right,
 Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers, wage,
Like loving brothers' case,
For father's heritage ;
 That each, while each contends,
 Itself to other lends.

For Beauty beautifies
 With heavenly hue and grace
 The heavenly harmonies ;
 And in this faultless face
 The perfect beauties be
 A perfect harmony.

Music more lofty swells
 In speeches nobly placed ;
 Beauty as far excels
 In action aptly graced :
 A friend each party draws
 To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seems
 To Beauty's lovely light ;
 And wonder more esteems
 Of Music's wondrous might ;
 But both to both so bent,
 As both in both are spent.

Music doth witness call
 The ear, his truth to try ;
 Beauty brings to the hall
 Eye-judgment of the eye :
 Both in their objects such,
 As no exceptions touch.

The common Sense which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forsooth, upright,
To both sides partial is ;
 He lays on this side chief praise,
 Chief praise on that he lays.

Then Reason, Princess high !
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which Music can in sky,
And hidden beauties find,—
 Say ! whether thou wilt crown
 With limitless renown ?

completes

Beauty & Reason

SEVENTH SONG

WHOSE senses in so evil consort their stepdame
Nature lays,
That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes
do not raise ;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed
with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it ;
O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in
Wonder's schools
To be, in things past bounds of wit, fools, if
they be not fools.

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet
Beauty's show,
Or, seeing, have so wooden wits, as not that worth
to know,
Or, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be
in love,
Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as easy thence
to move :

O let them see these heavenly beams, and in
fair letters read

A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm
love to breed.

Hear then ! but then with wonder hear ; see ! but
adoring see,

No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here dis-
cerned be ;

See ! do you see this face ? A face ! nay image of
the skies,

Of which the two life-giving lights are figured in
her eyes :

Hear you this soul-invading voice, and count it
but a voice ?

The very essence of their tunes, when angels do
rejoice.

EIGHTH SONG

IN a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made ;
May then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing :

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet ;
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare ;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas, the while,
But now tears themselves did smile ;
While their eyes by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did ; but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixt ;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford ;
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break ;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

‘Stella, sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy ;
Stella, star of heavenly fire,
Stella, loadstar of desire,

‘Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid’s skies ;
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted.

‘Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks ;

Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

‘Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss ;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind which yet surpasseth.

‘Grant, O grant ! but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass :
Grant,—O me ! what am I saying ?
But no fault there is in praying.

‘Grant,—O Dear ! on knees I pray’—
Knees on ground he then did stay—
‘That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you !

‘Never season was more fit ;
Never room more apt for it ;
Smiling air allows my reason :
These birds sing : “now use the season !”

‘This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss ;
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

‘ Love makes earth the water drink ;
Love to earth makes water sink ;
And, if dull things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?’

There his hands in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue’s language plain ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

Then she spake, her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch ;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

‘ Astrophel,’ said she, ‘ my love,’
Cease in these effects to prove ;
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

‘ If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

‘ If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,

Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded ;

‘ If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

‘ If more may be said, I say
All my bliss on thee I lay ;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

‘ Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee,
Stella’s self might not refuse thee.

‘ Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named !’

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

NINTH SONG

Go my flock, go get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
Fro the storms in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure :
Merry flock, such one forego,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story,
Which to stones I else would show.
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella, fiercest shepherdess,
 Fiercest, but yet fairest ever,
 Stella, whom, O heavens, do bless !
 Though against me she persèvere,
 Though I bliss inherit never.

Stella hath refusèd me !
 Stella, who more love hath provèd
 In this caitiff heart to be,
 Than can in good ewes be movèd,
 Towards lambkins best belovèd.

Stella hath refusèd me !
 Astrophel, that so well servèd,
 In this pleasant spring must see,
 While in pride flowers be preservèd,
 Himself only winter-starvèd.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
 That she loveth me so dearly ?
 Seeing me so long to bear
 Coals of love that burn so clearly,
 And yet leave me helpless merely ?

Is that love? Forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a help for him did know,
My love should not be believèd,
But he were by me relievèd.

No, she hates me, welaway !
Feigning love somewhat to please me :
For she knows, if she display,
All her hate, death would soon seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, dear flock, adieu,
But, alas, if in your straying,
Heavenly Stella meet with you,
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

LXXXVII

WHEN I was forc'd from Stella ever dear—
Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart—
Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear—
By Stella's laws of duty to depart ;
Alas, I found that she with me did smart ;
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear ;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did hear.
For me, I wept to see pearls scatter'd so ;
I sigh'd her sighs, and wailed for her woe ;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen.
Thus, while th' effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vex'd, if vex'd I had not been.

LXXXVIII

OUT, traitor Absence, dar'st thou counsel me
From my dear captainesse to run away,
Because in brave array here marcheth she,
That, to win me, oft shows a present pay?
Is faith so weak? or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid, can stars such beams display?
Cannot heav'n's food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire on earthly cates to prey?
Tush, Absence; while thy mists eclipse that light,
My orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets forth the beams of love;
That, where before heart lov'd and eyes did see,
In heart both sight and love now coupled be:
United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX

Now that of absence the most irksome night
With darkest shade doth overcome my day ;
Since Stella's eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night ;
Each day seems long, and longs for long-stay'd
night ;

- The night, as tedious, woos th' approach of day :
Tired with the dusty toils of busy day,
Languish'd with horrors of the silent night ;
Suffering the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night :
With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackest Winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest Summer day.

XC

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
In truth, I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a Poet's name.
Nor, if I would, could I just title make,
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take :
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI

STELLA, while now, by Honour's cruel might,
I am from you, light of my life, misled,
And whiles,—fair you, my sun, thus overspread
With Absence's veil,—I live in Sorrow's night ;
If this dark place yet show like candle-light,
Some beauty's piece, an amber-colour'd head,
Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more
 red ;
Or seeing gets black ¹ but in blackness bright ;
They please, I do confess they please mine eyes.
But why ? because of you they models be ;
Models, such be wood-globes of glist'ring skies,
Dear, therefore, be not jealous over me,
If you hear that they seem my heart to move ;
Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

¹ The line is hopelessly confused. Grosart suggests 'seeings (eyes) jet-black,' which certainly makes for sense if not for elegance.

XCII

BE your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you curted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phoenix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God, think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How cloth'd; how waited on; sigh'd she, or smil'd;
Whereof,—with whom,—how often did she talk;
With what pastime Time's journey she beguiled;
If her lips deign'd to sweeten my poor name.
Say all; and all well said, still say the same.

TENTH SONG

O DEAR life ! when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see ?
And in them thy mind discover
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover ?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting aught forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell ;
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee
To take up the place for me :
Long I will not after tarry.
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging ;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time
When my leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his bidding ;
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power,
When I blessèd shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, music, sweetness, love :
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts, but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning, passèd anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase.
My life melts with too much thinking ;
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

XCIII

O FATE, O fault, O curse, child of my bliss !
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show ?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe ?
Through me—wretch me—even Stella vexed is.
Yet, truth—if caitiff's breath may call thee—this
Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so,
From carelessness did in no manner grow ;
But wit, confus'd with too much care, did miss.
And do I, then, myself this vain 'scuse give ?
I have—live I, and know this—harmed thee :
Tho' worlds 'quit me, shall I myself forgive ?
Only with pains my pains thus eased be,
That all my hurts in my heart's wreck I read ;
I cry thy sighs, my dear, thy tears I bleed.

XCIV

GRIEF, find the words ; for thou hast made my
brain

So dark with misty vapours, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
Do thou, then,—for thou canst—do thou com-
plain

For my poor soul, which now that sickness tries,
Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy so to die ;
Yet wail thyself, and wail with causeful tears,
That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie,
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature bears
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

XCV

YET sighs, dear sighs, indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worst,
But, as you with my breast I oft have nurs'd
So, grateful now, you wait upon my care.
Faint coward Joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing Hope yield when this woe struck him
first ;
Delight exclaims he is for my fault curs'd,
Though oft himself my mate in arms he sware ;
Nay, Sorrow comes with such main rage, that he
Kills his own children—tears—finding that they
By Love were made apt to consort with me.
Only, true sighs, you do not go away ;
Thank may you have for such a thankful part,
Thank-worthiest yet when you shall break my
heart.

XCVI

THOUGHT, with good cause thou likest so well the
 night,
Since kind or chance gives both one livery,
Both sadly black, both blackly dark'ned be ;
Night barr'd from sun, thou from thy own sun-
 light ;
Silence in both displays his sullen might ;
Slow heaviness in both holds one degree—
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity ;
Thy tears express Night's native moisture right ;
In both amazeful solitariness :
In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir ;
In thee, or sprites or sprited ghastliness.
But, but, alas, Night's side the odds hath far ;
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest ;
Thou, though still tired, yet still dost it detest.

XCVII

DIAN, that fain would cheer her friend the Night,
Shows her oft, at the full, her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starry nymphs, whose
chase

From heavenly standing hits each mortal wight.
But ah, poor Night, in love with Phœbus' light,
And endlessly despairing of his grace,
Herself—to show no other joy hath place—
Silent and sad, in mourning weeds doth dight.
Even so, alas, a lady, Dian's peer,
With choice delights and rarest company
Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy
cheer :

But, woe is me, though Joy herself were she,
She could not show my blind brain ways of joy,
While I despair my sun's sight to enjoy.

XCVIII

AH, bed ! the field where Joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be train'd,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune strain'd !
How thy lee-shores by my sighs stormed be !
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest ; but, wretch, I am con-
strained—

Spurr'd with Love's spur, though gall'd, and shortly
reined

With Care's hard hand—to turn and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint Woe's black face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line :
But when Aurora leads out Phœbus' dance,
Mine eyes then only wink ; for spite, perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want
mine.

XCIX

WHEN far-spent Night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor Art nor Nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in Sleep's armoury ;
With windows ope, then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness, and delight
Takes in that sad hue, which, with th' inward
 night
Of his maz'd powers, keeps perfect harmony :
But when birds charm, and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamel'd skies
Calls each night to salute the flower of bliss ;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc'd by their lord, who is asham'd to find
Such light in sense, with such a darken'd mind.

C

O TEARS ! no tears, but rain, from Beauty's skies,
Making those lilies and those roses grow,
Which aye most fair, now more than most fair
show,

While graceful Pity Beauty beautifies.

O honied sighs ! which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow,
Wing'd with whose breath, so pleasing zephyrs
blow,

As might refresh the hell where my soul fries.

O complaints ! conserv'd in such a sugar'd phrase,
That Eloquence itself envies your praise,
While sobb'd-out words a perfect music give.

Such tears, sighs, complaints, no sorrow is, but joy :
Or if such heav'nly signs must prove annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.

CI

STELLA is sick, and in that sick-bed lies
Sweetness, which breathes and pants as oft as she :
And Grace, sick too, such fine conclusion tries,
That sickness brags itself best graced to be.
Beauty is sick, but sick in so fair guise,
That in that paleness Beauty's white we see ;
And joy, which is inseparate from those eyes,
Stella, now learns, strange case, to weep in me.
Love moans¹ thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks stir, runs up and down to make
All folks press'd at thy will thy pain to 'suage :
Nature with care sweats for her darling's sake,
Knowing worlds pass, ere she enough can find,
Of such heav'n-stuff so heavenly a mind.

¹ Moans. All the early editions have moves, but, as Grosart points out, this is obviously a printer's error.

CII

WHERE be those roses gone, which sweetened so
our eyes?

Where those red cheeks, which oft, with fair
increase, did frame

The height of honour in the kindly badge of
shame?

Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my
morning skies?

How doth the colour fade of those vermilion dyes,
Which Nature's self did make, and self-ingrain'd
the same?

I would know by what right this paleness overcame
That hue, whose force my heart still unto thraldom
ties!

Galen's adoptive sons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on sickness
lay;

But feeling proof makes me say they mistake it
furre ;¹

It is but love which makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
Whiles Beauty's reddest ink Venus for him doth
sturre.¹

¹ Furre, sturre=far, stir. I have retained the old spelling for the sake of the rhyme.

CIII

O HAPPY Thames, that didst my Stella bear !
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves, O sweetest prison, twine.
And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
Have made, but forc'd by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display :
She so dishevell'd blush'd : from window I
With sight thereof cried out, 'O fair disgrace,'
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place.'

CIV

ENVIIOUS wits, what hath been mine offence,
That with such poisonous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay sigh of mine you hark,
As grudging me my sorrow's eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, so far thence, that scanty any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark,
Where Rigour's exile locks up all my sense?
But if I by a happy window pass,
If I but stars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glass):
Your moral notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and, puffing, prove that I
Do Stella love: fools, who doth it deny?

ELEVENTH SONG

'WHO is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth ?'

It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

'Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changéd ?'

Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangéd,
Let my change to ruin be.

'Well, in absence this will die ;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.'

Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how much myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

‘ But time will these thoughts remove ;
Time doth work what no man knoweth.’

Time doth as the subject prove ;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

‘ What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection ?’

I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of saints’ perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

‘ But your reason’s purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.’

Dear, do reason no such spite :
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason’s sight.

‘ But the wrongs Love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking.’

No, the more fools it doth shake,
In a ground of so firm making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

‘Peace, I think that some give ear
Come no more, lest I get anger.’

Bliss, I will my bliss forbear ;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger ;
But my soul shall harbour there.

‘Well, be gone ; be gone, I say,
Lest that Argus’ eyes perceive you.’

O unjust is Fortune’s sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you ;
And from lowts¹ to run away.

¹ Lowts = obeisances.

CV

UNHAPPY sight, and hath she vanish'd by
So near, in so good time, so free a place?
Dead glass, dost thou thy object so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?
I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazzling race
Only unto the heav'n of Stella's face,
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
But cease, mine eyes, your tears do witness well
That you, guiltless thereof, your nectar miss'd:
Curst be the page from whom the bad torch fell:
Curst be the night which did your strife resist:
Curst be the coachman that did drive so fast,
With no less curse than absence makes me taste.

CVI

O ABSENT presence ! Stella is not here ;
False-flattering hope, that with so fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphan place,
Stella, I say my Stella, should appear :
What say'st thou now ? Where is that dainty cheer
Thou told'st mine eyes should help their famish'd
case ?

But thou art gone, now that self-felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort near.
But here I do store of fair ladies meet,
Who may with charm of conversation sweet
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bade his friend, but then new main'd, to be
Merry with him, and so forget his woe.

CVII

STELLA, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They first resort unto that sovereign part ;
Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee :
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.
And as a queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit,
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends ;
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit :
O, let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And scorning say, ' See what it is to love ! '

CVIII

WHEN Sorrow (using mine own fire's might)
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
Through that dark furnace to my heart oppress'd,
There shines a joy from thee my only light :
But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soul flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude Despair, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his
 night,
And makes me then bow down my head, and say,
Ah, what does Phœbus' gold that wretch avail
Whom iron doors do keep from use of day ?
So strangely ! alas, thy works in me prevail,
'That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee my only annoy.

CIX ¹

THOU blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen
snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought :
Band of all evils ; cradle of causeless care ;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought :
Desire ! Desire ! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware ;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought ;
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire ;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire ;
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

¹ This and the following sonnet were not originally printed in the *Astrophel and Stella* sequence. Grosart incorporated them, however, pointing out that the author obviously intended them to be read in conjunction with the series, and I have followed him in this matter.

CX

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasures brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke, where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the
 light
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to
 death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly
 breath.
Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
Eternal Love, maintain thy Life in me.

5

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

SINCE shunning pain, I ease can never find ;
Since bashful dread seeks where he knows me
 harmed ;
Since will is won, and stoppèd ears are charmed ;
Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me
 blind ;
Since loosing long, the faster still I bind ;
Since naked sense can conquer reason armed ;
 Since heart in chilling fear, with ice is warmed ;
In fine, since strife of thought but mars the mind ;
 I yield, O Love, unto thy loathèd yoke.
Yet craving law of arms, whose rule doth teach,
That hardly used, whoever prison broke—
In justice quit—of honour makes no breach :
 Whereas if I a grateful guardian have ;
 Thou art my lord, and I, thy vowèd slave.

WHEN Love, puffed up with rage of high disdain,
Resolved to make me pattern of his might,
Like foe, whose wits inclined to deadly spite,
Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain ;

He would not, armed with beauty, only reign
 On those affects, which easily yield to sight ;
 But virtue sets so high, that reason's light,
 For all his strife, can only bondage gain :

So that I live to pay a mortal fee,
 Dead palsy sick of all my chiefest parts :
 Like those, whom dreams make ugly monsters
 see,
 And can cry, 'Help!' with nought but groans
 and starts :

Longing to have, having no wit to wish :
 To starving minds such is god Cupid's dish.

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
 Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
 While late bare earth, proud of new clothing,
 springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song book making.
 And mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expresseth
 What grief her breast oppresseth
 For Thereus' force, on her chaste will pre-
 vailing.

O Philomela fair! O take some glad-
ness,

That here is juster cause of plaintful sad-
ness.

Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart
invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Thereus' love, on her, by strong hand
wroken ;

Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
Full woman-like, complains her will was broken.

But I, who, daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,

Have more cause to lament me :

Since wanting is more woe than too much
having.

O Philomela fair! O take some glad-
ness,

That here is juster cause of plaintful sad-
ness.

Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth :
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart
invadeth.

‘SLEEP, baby mine, Desire!’ Nurse Beauty
singeth.

‘Thy cries, O baby, set mine head on aching.’
The babe cries ‘Way, thy love doth keep me
waking.’

‘Lully, lully, my babe! Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children always good rest taking.’
The babe cries ‘Way, thy love doth me keep
waking.’

‘Since, baby mine, from me, thy watching
springeth,
Sleep then a little; pap Content is making:’
The babe cries ‘Nay! for that abide I waking.’

O FAIR! O sweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree;
Heart and soul do sing in me.

This you hear is not my tongue,
Which once said what I conceived ;
For it was of use bereaved,
With a cruel answer stung.

No ! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing lest he chastised be,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree ;
Heart and soul do sing in me.

Just accord all music makes :
In thee just accord excelleth,
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
One of other, beauty takes.

Since then truth to all minds telleth
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree ;
Heart and soul do sing in me.

They that heaven have known, do say
That whoso that grace obtaineth
To see what fair sight there reigneth,
Forcèd are to sing alway.

So then, since that heaven remaineth
 In thy face, I plainly see :
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
 In whom all joys so well agree ;
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sweet ! think not I am at ease,
 For because my chief part singeth :
 This song, from death's sorrow springeth,
 As to swan in last disease.

For no dumbness nor death bringeth
 Stay to true love's melody :
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

*These four following Sonnets were made
 when his Lady had pain in her face.*

THE scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace,
 The smoke of hell, the monster called Pain ;
 Long shamed to be accurst in every place,
 By them who of his rude resort complain ;

Like crafty wretch, by time and travail taught,
His ugly evil in others' good to hide,
Late harbours in her face, whom Nature wrought
As treasure house where her best gifts do bide.

And so, by privilege of sacred seat—
A seat where beauty shines and virtue reigns—
He hopes for some small praise, since she hath
great ;

Within her beams wrapping his cruel stains.

Ah, saucy Pain ! Let not thy error last.

More loving eyes she draws, more hate thou
hast.

WOE, woe to me ! On me return the smart ;
My burning tongue hath bred my mistress pain ;
For oft, in pain, to Pain, my painful heart,
With her due praise, did of my state complain.

I praised her eyes, whom never chance doth
move ;

Her breath, which makes a sour answer sweet ;
Her milken breasts, the nurse of childlike love ;
Her legs (O legs !) Her aye well stepping feet.

Pain heard her praise, and full of inward fire
 (First sealing up my heart, as prey of his)
 He flies to her, and boldened with desire,
 Her face, this age's praise, the thief doth kiss !
 O Pain, I now recant the praise I gave,
 And swear she is not worthy thee to have.

THOU Pain, the only guesst of loathed Con-
 straint,
 The child of Curse, Man's Weakness' foster-
 child,
 Brother to Woe, and father of Complaint :
 Thou Pain, thou hated Pain, from heaven exiled.
 How hold'st thou her, whose eyes constraint
 doth fear ;
 Whom curst, do bless ; whose weakness, virtues
 arm ;
 Who others' woes and plaints can chastely bear ;
 In whose sweet heaven angels of high thoughts
 swarm ?

What courage strange hath caught thy caitiff
heart?

Fear'st not a face that oft whole hearts devours?

Or art thou from above bid play this part,

And so no help 'gainst envy of those powers?

If thus, alas, yet while those parts have woe,

So stay her tongue, that she no more say,

'No!'

AND have I heard her say, 'O cruel pain!'

And doth she know what mould her beauty bears?

Mourns she in truth, and thinks that others feign?

Fears she to feel, and feels not others' fears?

Or doth she think all pain the mind forbears,

That heavy earth, not fiery spirits may plain?

That eyes weep worse than heart in bloody tears?

That sense feels more than what doth sense
contain?

No, no, she is too wise! She knows her face

Hath not such pain as it makes others have;

She knows the sickness of that perfect place

Hath yet such health as it my life can save.

But this she thinks,—Our pain, high cause
 excuseth,
 Where her, who should rule pain, false pain
 abuseth.

Translated from HORACE, which begins
 Rectius vives

You better sure shall live, not evermore
 Trying high seas ; nor, while seas rage, you flee,
 Pressing too much upon ill harboured shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
 From filth of foresworn house ; and quiet lives,
 Released from Court, where envy needs must be.

The winds most oft the hugest pine tree grieves ;
 The stately towers come down with greater fall ;
 The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope ; good haps appal
 With fear of change, the courage well prepared :
 Foul winters, as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with evils be
snared,

They shall not last ; with cithern, silent Muse,
Apollo wakes ; and bow, hath sometime spared.

In hard estate, with stout show, valour use,
The same man still, in whom wisdom prevails,
In too full wind, draw in thy swelling sails.

Out of CATULLUS

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi non si se Jupiter ipse petat,
Dicit sed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere optet aqua.*

UNTO nobody, my woman saith, she had rather a
wife be

Than to myself ; not though Jove grew a suitor of
hers.

These be her words, but a woman's words to a
love that is eager,

In wind or water's stream do require to be writ.

Out of SENECA

*Qui sceptræ sævus duro imperio regit,
 Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.*

FAIR, seek not to be feared. Most lovely, beloved
 by thy servants.
 For true it is, that they fear many, whom many
 fear.

LIKE as the dove, which, sealed up, doth fly,
 Is neither free, nor yet to service bound :
 But hopes to gain some help by mounting high,
 Till want of force do force her fall to ground :
 Right so my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
 And thence cast off, where his sweet hurt he
 found,
 Hath never leave to live, nor doom to die,
 Nor held in evil, nor suffered to be sound ;

But, with his wings of fancies, up he goes
To high conceits, whose fruits are oft but small ;
Till wounded, blind and wearied spirit lose
Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall.

O happy dove, if she no bondage tried !
More happy I, might I in bondage 'bide !

Sonnet by [Sir] E[DWARD]. D[YER].

PROMETHEUS, when first from heaven high
He brought down fire, ere then on earth not seen,
Fond of delight, a Satyr, standing by,
Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood¹ with the smart, with shouts and shrieking
shrill,
He sought his ease in river, field, and bower ;
But, for the time, his grief went with him still.

¹ Wood=mad. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. iii.,
'wood woman.'

So, silly I, with that unwonted sight,
 In human shape an angel from above,
 Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light,
 That since, I run and rest as pleaseth love.

The difference is, the Satyr's lips, my heart :
 He, for a while ; I evermore have smart.

[*Answering Sonnet by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY*]

A SATYR once did run away for dread,
 With sound of horn, which he himself did blow :
 Fearing and feared, thus from himself he fled,
 Deeming strange evil in that he did not know.

Such causeless fears, when coward minds do
 take,

It makes them fly that which they fain would have :
 As this poor beast who did his rest forsake,
 Thinking not why, but how himself to save.

Even thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
 Of mine own words, my own good hap betray :
 And thus might I, for fear of ' may be,' leave
 The sweet pursuit of my desired prey.

Better like I thy Satyr, dearest Dyer,
 Who burnt his lips to kiss fair shining fire.

My mistress lowers, and saith I do not love :
 I do protest, and seek with service due,
 In humble mind, a constant faith to prove :
 But, for all this, I cannot her remove
 From deep vain thought that I may not be true.

If oaths might serve, even by the Stygian lake,
 Which poets say the gods themselves do fear,
 I never did my vowèd word forsake ;
 For why should I, whom free choice slave doth
 make,
 Else what in face, than in my fancy bear.

My Muse, therefore—for only thou canst tell—
 Tell me the cause of this my causeless woe ;
 Tell how ill thought disgraced my doing well ;
 Tell how my joys and hopes, thus foully fell
 To so low ebb, that wonted were to flow.

O this it is,—the knotted straw is found ;
 In tender hearts, small things engender hate ;
 A horse's worth laid waste the Trojan ground ;
 A three-foot stool, in Greece, made trumpets
 sound ;
 An ass's shade, ere now, hath bred debate.

If Greeks themselves were moved with so small
cause

To twist those broils, which hardly would untwine :

Should ladies fair be tied to such hard laws,
As in their moods to take a lingering pause?
I would it not. Their metal is too fine.

My hand doth not bear witness with my heart,
She saith, because I make no woful lays,
To paint my living death, and endless smart.
And so, for one that felt god Cupid's dart,
She thinks I lead and live too merry days.

Are poets then, the only lovers true?
Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse ;
Who think themselves well blest, if they renew
Some good old dump, that Chaucer's mistress
knew,
And use you but for matters to rehearse.

Then, good Apollo, do away thy bow !
Take harp, and sing in this our versing time !
And in my brain some sacred humour flow,
That all the earth my woes, sighs, tears may
know ;
And see you not, that I fall now to rhyme ?

As for my mirth—how could I but be glad
 Whilst that, me thought, I justly made my boast
 That only I, the only mistress had?
 But now, if e'er my face with joy be clad,
 Think Hannibal did laugh, when Carthage lost!

Sweet Lady, as for those whose sullen cheer,
 Compared to me, made me in lightness found;
 Who Stoic-like in cloudy hue appear;
 Who silence force to make their words more
 dear;
 Whose eyes seem chaste, because they look on
 ground,—
 Believe them not! For physic true doth find,
 Choler adust is joyed in womankind.

IN wonted walks, since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth
 rise;
 For in each thing whereto my eye doth range,
 Part of my pain, me seems, engravèd lies.

The rocks, which were of constant mind the
 mark,
 In climbing steep, now hard refusal show ;
 The shading woods seem now my sun to dark ;
 And stately hills disdain to look so low ;
 The restful caves, now restless visions give ;
 In dales, I see each way a hard ascent ;
 Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live ;
 Alas, sweet brooks do in my tears augment.
 Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads,
 brooks answer me :
 Infected minds infect each thing they see.

IF I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
 Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good
 end ;
 If rebel sense would reason's law receive,
 Or reason foiled would not in vain contend ;
 Then might I think what thoughts were best
 to think ;
 Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.

If either you would change your cruel heart,
 Or cruel still, time did your beauty stain ;
 If from my soul this love would once depart,
 Or for my love, some love I might obtain ;
 Then might I hope a change or ease of mind,
 By your good help, or in myself to find.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,
 With reason's strife, by senses overthrown ;
 You fairer still, and still more cruel bent ;
 I loving still a love, that loveth none :
 I yield and strive ; I kiss and curse the pain,
 Thought, reason, sense, time, you and I
 maintain.

A Farewell

OFT have I mused, but now at length I find
 Why those that die, men say, 'they do depart.'
 'Depart !' A word so gentle, to my mind,
 Weakly did seem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the stars, with their strange course do
bind

Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart :
I hear a cry of spirits, faint and blind,
That parting thus, my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay some breath :
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth show departure is a death ;
Yea, worse than death ! Death parts both
woe and joy.

From joy I part, still living in annoy.

FINDING those beams, which I must ever love,
To mar my mind, and with my hurt, to please :
I deemed it best some absence for to prove,
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawn, where lived all their light,
Blinded, forthwith in dark despair did lie :
Like to the mole, with want of guiding sight,
Deep plunged in earth, deprived of the sky.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes, by presence, I return :
Even as the fly, which to the flame doth go,
Pleased with the light, that his small corse doth
burn,—
Fair choice I have, either to live or die ;
A blinded mole, or else a burnèd fly !

The Seven Wonders of England

NEAR Wilton sweet, huge heaps of stones are
found,
But so confused, that neither any eye
Can count them just ; nor reason, reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights, my mind's waste soil is bound.
Of Passion hills, reaching to Reason's sky,
From Fancy's earth, passing all numbers' bound.
Passing all guess, whence into me should fly
So mazed a mass ; or if in me it grows,
A simple soul should breed so mixèd woes.

The Bruertons have a lake, which when the sun
 Approaching, warms—not else—dead logs up
 sends

From hideous depth : which tribute, when it ends,
 Sore sign it is, the lord's last thread is spun.

My lake is Sense, whose still streams never run,
 But when my sun her shining twins there bends ;
 Then from his depth with force, in her begun,
 Long drowned Hopes to watery eyes it lends :

 But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,
 Their master is fair warned, his will to make.

We have a fish, by strangers much admired,
 Which caught, to cruel search yields his chief
 part :

(With gall cut out) closed up again by art,
 Yet lives until his life be new required.

A stranger fish myself, not yet expired,
 Though rapt with Beauty's hook, I did impart
 Myself unto th'anatomy desired :

Instead of gall, leaving to her my heart.

 Yet live with Thoughts closed up, till that she
 will

 By conquest's right, instead of searching, kill.

Peak hath a cave, whose narrow entries find
Large rooms within : where drops distil amain,
Till knit with cold, though there unknown remain,
Deck that poor place with alabaster lined.

Mine Eyes the strait, the roomy cave, my Mind ;
Whose cloudy Thoughts let fall an inward rain
Of Sorrow's drops, till colder Reason bind
Their running fall into a constant vein
 Of Truth, far more than alabaster pure !
 Which, though despised, yet still doth Truth
 endure.

A field there is ; where, if a stake be prest
Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt
Is changed to stone, in hardness, cold, and weight :
The wood above, doth soon consuming rest.

The earth, her Ears ; the stake is my Request :
Of which how much may pierce to that sweet
 seat
To Honour turned, doth dwell in Honour's nest ;
Keeping that form, though void of wonted heat :
 But all the rest, which Fear durst not apply,
 Failing themselves, with withered conscience,
 die.

Of ships, by shipwreck cast on Albion's coast,
 Which rotting on the rocks, their death to die ;
 From wooden bones and blood of pitch doth fly
 A bird, which gets more life than ship had lost.

My ship, Desire ; with wind of Lust long tost,
 Brake on fair cliffs of constant Chastity :
 Where, plagued for rash attempt, gives up his
 ghost ;
 So deep in seas of Virtue's beauties lie ;
 But of this death, flies up a purest Love,
 Which seeming less, yet nobler life doth move.

These wonders England breeds. The last remains.
 A lady, in despite of nature, chaste ;
 On whom all love, in whom no love is placed ;
 Where fairness yields to wisdom's shortest reins.

An humble pride, a scorn that favour stains ;
 A woman's mould, but like an angel graced ;
 An angel's mind, but in a woman cast ;
 A heaven on earth, or earth that heaven contains.

Now thus this wonder to myself I frame,—
 She is the cause, that all the rest I am.

Who hath his fancy pleased,
 With fruits of happy sight,
 Let here his eyes be raised
 On Nature's sweetest light.
 A light which doth dissever
 And yet unite the eyes ;
 A light which, dying never,
 Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies, but lasteth
 In life of lover's heart :
 He ever dies that wasteth
 In love his chiefest part.
 Thus is her life still guarded
 In never dying faith,
 Thus is his death rewarded,
 Since she lives in his death.

Look then and die ! The pleasure
 Doth answer well the pain.
 Small loss of mortal treasure,
 Who may immortal gain.

Immortal be her graces,
 Immortal is her mind :
 They, fit for heavenly places,
 This heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
 Nor sense that grace describes :
 Yet eyes deprived be not,
 From sight of her fair eyes.
 Which as of inward glory
 They are the outward seal ;
 So may they live still sorry,
 Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleased
 With fruits of happy sight,
 Let here his eyes be raised
 On Nature's sweetest light.

The smokes of Melancholy.

Who hath ever felt the change of love,
 And known those pangs that the losers prove,
 May paint my face, without seeing me,
 And write the state how my fancies be,
 The loathsome buds grown on Sorrow's Tree.

But who by hearsay speaks, and hath not fully felt
 What kind of fires they be in which those spirits
 melt,
 Shall guess, and fail, what doth displease :
 Feeling my pulse, miss my disease.

O no ! O no ! trial only shows
 The bitter juice of forsaken woes ;
 Where former bliss, present evils do stain :
 Nay, former bliss adds to present pain ;
 While remembrance doth both states contain.

Come learners then to me, the model of mishap,
 Engulfed in despair, slid down from fortune's
 lap ;
 And, as you like my double lot,
 Tread in my steps, or follow not.

•

For me, alas, I am full resolved
 These bands, alas, shall not be dissolved ;
 Nor break my word, though reward come late ;
 Nor fail my faith in my failing fate ;
 Nor change in change, though change change my
 state.

But always one myself with eagle-eyed truth to fly
Up to the sun, although the sun my wings do fry :
For if those flames burn my desire,
Yet shall I die in Phoenix' fire.

WHEN, to my deadly pleasure,
When, to my lively torment,
Lady, mine eyes remained
Joined, alas, to your beams ;

With violence of heav'nly
Beauty tied to virtue,
Reason abash'd retired ;
Gladly my senses yielded.

Gladly my senses yielding,
Thus to betray my heart's fort,
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamy suns went ;
Where, by the death of all deaths,
Find to what harm they hastened.

Like to the silly Sylvan,
Burned by the light he best liked,
When with a fire he first met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
 Lady, you have reservèd,
 Lady, the life of all love.

For though my sense be from me
 And I be dead, who want sense ;
 Yet do we both live in you.

Turned anew, by your means,
 Unto the flower that aye turns,
 As you, alas, my sun bends.

Thus do I fall to rise thus,
 Thus do I die to live thus,
 Changed to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you :
 Thus be my senses on you :
 Thus what I think is of you :
 Thus what I seek is in you :
 All what I am, it is you.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
 Although with cruel fire,
 First thrown on my desire,
 She sacks my rendered sprite.

For so fair a flame embraces
 All the places
 Where that heat of all heats springeth,
 That it bringeth
 To my dying heart some pleasure :
 Since his treasure
 Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
 Although with cruel fire,
 First thrown on my desire,
 She sacks my rendered sprite.
 Since our lives be not immortal,
 But to mortal
 Fetters tied, do wait the hour
 Of death's power,
 They have no cause to be sorry
 Who with glory
 End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
 Although with cruel fire,
 First thrown on my desire,
 She sacks my rendered sprite.

No man doubts,—whom beauty killeth,
 Fair death feeleth ;
 And in whom fair death proceedeth,
 Glory breedeth.
 So that I, in her beams dying,
 Glory trying,
 Though in pain, cannot complain. No, no, no,
 no.

ALL my sense thy sweetness gained ;
 Thy fair hair my heart enchained ;
 My poor reason thy words moved,
 So that thee, like heaven, I loved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan ;
 Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei.
 While to my mind the outside stood
 For messengers of inward good.

Now thy sweetness sour is deemed,
 Thy hair, not worth a hair esteemed,
 Reason hath thy words removed,
 Finding that but words they proved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan ;

Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei.

For no fair sign can credit win,

If that the substance fail within.

No more in thy sweetness, glory,

For thy knitting hair, be sorry,

Use thy words, but to bewail thee,

That no more thy beams avail thee.

Dan, dan, [*i.e.*, *Fa la la leridan*, &c.]

Dan, dan.

Lay not thy colours more to view,

Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, she weepeth !

Fool in me, what folly creepeth !

Was I to blaspheme enraged,

Where my soul I have engaged ?

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan.

And wretched I must yield to this ;

The fault, I blame, her chasteness is.

Sweetness, sweetly pardon folly !

Tie me, hair, your captive wholly !

Words ! O words of heavenly knowledge !

Know my words their faults acknowledge.

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan.

And all my life, I will confess
The less I love, I live the less.

*Translated out of Diana of MONTEMAYOR in
Spanish, where SIRENO, a shepherd, pull-
ing out a little of his mistress DIANA'S
hair, wrapt about with green silk, who
had now utterly forsaken him: to the hair,
he thus bewailed himself:*

WHAT changes here, O hair,
I see since I saw you.
How ill fits you, this green to wear,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixed with fear,
No other shepherd should have scope
Once to approach this hair.

Ah, hair, how many days[†]
My Diana made me show,
With thousand pretty childish plays,
If I wore you or no.

Alas, how oft with tears,—
 O tears of guileful breast,—
 She seeméd full of jealous fears,
 Whereat I did but jest.

Tell me, O hair of gold,
 If I then faulty be,
 That trust those killing eyes I would,
 Since they did warrant me.
 Have you not seen her mood,
 What streams of tears she spent,
 Till that I swear my faith so stood,
 As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beauty seen
 In one that changeth so?
 Or where one's love so constant been,
 Who ever saw such woe?
 Ah hair! are you not grieved,
 To come from whence you be:
 Seeing how once you saw I lived,
 To see me as you see?

On sandy bank, of late,
 I saw this woman sit,
 Where 'Sooner die, than change my state,'
 She, with her finger, writ.

Thus my belief was stayed.
Behold love's mighty hand
On things, were by a woman said,
And written in the sand.

*The same SIRENO in MONTEMAYOR holding
his mistress's glass before her; looking
upon her, while she viewed herself; thus
sang:*

OF this high grace, with bliss conjoined,
No further debt on me is laid;
Since that in selfsame metal coined
Sweet lady, you remain well paid.
For if my place give me great pleasure,
Having before me Nature's treasure;
In face and eyes unmatched being:
You have the same in my hands, seeing
What in your face mine eyes do measure.

Nor think the match unev'nly made,
That of those beams in you do tarry;
The glass to you, but gives a shade;
To me, mine eyes the true shape carry.

For such a thought most highly prized,
 Which ever hath love's yoke despised,
 Better than one captived perceiveth ;
 Though he the lively form receiveth,
 The other sees it but disguised.

RING¹ out your bells, let mourning shows be spread ;
 For Love is dead :

 All Love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said
 That Love is dead ?

 His death-bed, peacock's folly ;
 His winding-sheet is shame ;
 His will, false-seeming holy ;
 His sole exec'tor blame.

¹ Readers will remember to what exquisite use Swinburne put a variation of this verse-form in *The Garden of Proserpine*.

From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead ;

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart ;

Which epitaph containeth,
' Her eyes were once his dart.'

From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie : rage hath this error bred ;
Love is not dead ;

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.

Therefore, from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !



POEMS FROM THE *ARCADIA*



TRANSFORM'D in shew, but more transform'd in
mind,

I cease to strive, with double conquest foil'd :
For, woe is me, my powers all I find

With outward force and inward treason spoil'd.
For from without came to mine eyes the blow,

Whereto my inward thoughts did faintly yield :
Both these conspir'd poor reason's overthrow ;

False in myself, thus have I lost the field.
Thus are my eyes still captive to one sight,
Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought
still,

Thus reason to his servants yields his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will :

What marvel then I take a woman's hue,
Since what I see, think, know, is all but you ?

COME shepherd's weeds, become your master's
mind,

Yield outward show, what inward change he
tries,

Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you find,
Whose strongest hope in your weak comfort lies.

Come shepherd's weeds, attend my woeful cries,
 Disuse yourselves from sweet Menalcas' voice :
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
 From those clear notes which freely may rejoice.
 Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this :
 Helpless his plaint, who spoils himself of bliss.

WE love, and have our loves rewarded.

The other would answer,

We love, and are no whit regarded.

The first again,

We find most sweet affection's snare.

*With like tune it should be as in a quire sent back
 again,*

That sweet, but sour, despairful care.

A third time likewise thus :

Who can despair, whom hope doth bear ?

The answer,

And who can hope that feels despair ?

Then joining all their voices, and dancing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words :

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No music kindly without love.

IN vain, mine eyes, you labour to amend
With flowing tears your fault of hasty sight :
Since to my heart her shape you so did send,
That her I see, though you did lose your light.
In vain, my heart, now you with sight are burn'd,
With sighs you seek to cool your hot desire :
Since sighs, into mine inward furnace turn'd,
For bellows serve to kindle more the fire.
Reason, in vain, now you have lost my heart,
My head you seek, as to your strongest fort :
Since there mine eyes have play'd so false a part,
That to your strength your foes have sure resort.
Then since in vain I find were all my strife,
To this strange death I vainly yield my life.

LET not old age disgrace my high desire,
O heavenly soul in human shape contain'd :
Old wood inflam'd doth yield the bravest fire,
When younger doth in smoke his virtue spend,

Ne let white hairs which on my face do grow
 Seem to your eyes of a disgraceful hue,
 Since whiteness doth present the sweetest show,
 Which makes all eyes do homage unto you.
 Old age is wise, and full of constant truth ;
 Old age well stayed from ranging humour lives :
 Old age hath known whatever was in youth ;
 Old age o'ercome, the greater honour gives.
 And to old age since you yourself aspire,
 Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

SINCE so mine eyes are subject to your sight,
 That in your sight they fixed have my brain :
 Since so my heart is filled with that light,
 That only light doth all my life maintain :

Since in sweet you all goods so richly reign,
 That where you are, no wished good can want :
 Since so your living image lives in me,
 That in myself yourself true love doth plant :
 How can you him unworthy then decree,
 In whose chief part your worths implanted be ?

My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and
serve,

Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love,
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve :

I wail their lot, but will not other prove.

My sheep-hook is wan hope, which all upholds :

My weeds, desire, cut out in endless folds.

What wool my sheep shall bear, whiles thus
they live,

In you it is, you must the judgment give.

You living powers, enclos'd in stately shrine

Of growing trees : you rural Gods that wield

Your sceptres here, if to your ears divine

A voice may come, which troubled soul doth
yield ;

This vow receive, this vow, O Gods, maintain,—

My virgin life no spotted thought shall stain.

Thou purest stone, whose pureness doth present

My purest mind ; whose temper hard doth show

My temper'd heart ; by thee my promise sent

Unto myself let after-livers know ;

No fancy mine, nor others' wrong suspect

Make me, O virtuous shame, thy laws neglect.

O chastity, the chief of heavenly lights,
 Which mak'st us most immortal shape to wear,
 Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprites :
 To only thee my constant course I bear,
 'Till spotless soul unto thy bosom fly.
 Such life to lead, such death I vow to die.

My words, in hope to blaze a stedfast mind,
 This marble chose, as of like temper known :
 But lo, my words defac'd, my fancies blind,
 Blots to the stone, shames to myself I find :
 And witness am, how ill agree in one
 A woman's hand with constant marble stone.

My words full weak, the marble full of might ;
 My words in store, the marble all alone ;
 My words black ink, the marble kindly white ;
 My words unseen, the marble still in sight,
 May witness bear, how ill agree in one,
 A woman's hand with constant marble stone.

A HATEFUL cure with hate to heal :
 A bloody help with blood to save :
 A foolish thing with fools to deal.
 Let him be bob'd, that bobs will have,

But who by means of wisdom high
Hath sav'd his charge? it is even I.

Let others deck their pride with scars,
And of their wounds make brave lame shows ;
First let them die, then pass the stars,
When rotten fame will tell their blows :
But eye from blade, and ear from cry ;
Who hath sav'd all? it is even I.

THE fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth,
The air in rain for my affliction weepeth,
The sea to ebb for grief his flowing turneth,
The earth with pity dull his centre keepeth.
Fame is with wonder blazed ;
Time runs away for sorrow :
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my night of evils, which hath no morrow.
Alas alonely she no pity taketh
To know my miseries, but, chaste and cruel,
My fall her glory maketh ;
Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuel.

Fire, burn me quite, till sense of burning leave
me :

Air, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish :

Sea, drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereave me :

Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.

Fame, say I was not born :

Time, haste my dying hour :

Place, see my grave up torn :

Fire, air, sea, earth, fame, time, place, show your
power.

Alas, from all their helps I am exiled,

For hers am I, and death fears her displeasure.

Fie, death thou art beguiled :

Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

HIS being was in her alone,

And he not being she was none.

They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd,

One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.

The hand was one, one was the sword

That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest, so now the stone

That tombs the two is justly one.

PHŒBUS, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serve ;

The high conceits, thy heav'nly wisdom's breed,
My thoughts forget : my thoughts which never
swerve

From her in whom is sown their freedom's seed,
And in whose eyes my daily doom I read.

Phœbus, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serve,

Thou art far off, thy kingdom is above ;

She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preserve,

Thy beams I like, but her clear rays I love :

Thy force I fear, her force I still do prove.

Phœbus, yield up thy title in my mind ;

She doth possess, thy image is defac'd,

But if thy rage some brave revenge will find

On her, who hath in me thy temple raz'd,

Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste :

And how much more her worth surmounteth
thee,

Make her as much more base by loving me.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other giv'n :

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a bargain better driv'n.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight ;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart ;

For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
So still me thought in me his heart did smart :

Both equal hurt, in this change sought our
bliss,

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

O WORDS which fall like summer dew on me,
O breath more sweet than is the growing bean,
O tongue in which all honeyed liquors be,
O voice that doth the thrush in shrillness strain,—
Do you say still, this is her promise due,
That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest
lies,
Lips red and plump, as cherry's ruddy side,
Eyes fair and great like fair great ox's eyes,
O breast in which two white sheep swell in
pride,—
Join you with me, to seal this promise due,
That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as curds well
pressed,
So smooth as sleekstone, like it smooths each
part ;
And thou dear flesh, as soft as wool new
dressed,
And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art,—
First four but say, next four their saying seal,
But you must pay the gage of promis'd weal.

Do not disdain, O straight up raised pine,
That, wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I grave,
Since that my thoughts as straight as straight-
ness thine,
No smaller wound, alas far deeper, have :

Deeper engraved, which salve nor time can
 save,
 Giv'n to my heart, by my sorewounded eyen :
 Thus cruel to myself how canst thou crave
 My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine ?
 Yet still, fair tree, lift up thy stately line,
 Live long, and long witness my chosen smart,
 Which barr'd desires, barr'd by myself, impart,
 And in this growing bark grow verses mine.
 My heart my word, my word hath giv'n my heart ;
 The giver giv'n from gift shall never part.

You goodly pines, which still with brave ascent
 In nature's pride your heads to heav'nward heave ;
 Though you, besides such graces earth hath
 lent,
 Of some late grace a greater grace receive,

By her who was (O blessed you) content
 With her fair hand your tender barks to cleave,
 And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent
 Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceive ;

Yet yield your grant ; a baser hand may leave
His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were
 spent,
For how would you the mistress' thoughts
 bereave
Of waiting thoughts all to her service meant.

Nay higher thoughts (though thrall'd thoughts)
 I call
My thoughts than hers, who first your rind did
 rent :
Than hers, to whom my thoughts lonely thrall
Rising from low, are to the highest bent ;
Where hers, whom worth makes highest over all
Coming from her, cannot but downward fall.

Look up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age's only light :
To her sweet sense, sweet sleep some ease
 impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might.
And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
Her sight where love did forge his fairest dart,
 O harbour all her parts in easeful plight :
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.

But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
 In this rare subject from thy common right,
 But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,

Then take my shape, and play a lover's part :
 Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,
 Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night.

WHY dost thou haste away
 O Titan fair, the giver of the day ?
 Is it to carry news

To western wights what stars in east appear ?

Or dost thou think that here
 Is left a sun, whose beams thy place may use ?
 Yet stay and well peruse

What be her gifts, that make her equal thee,
 Bend all thy light to see

In earthly clothes enclos'd a heavenly spark :
 Thy running course cannot such beauties mark.

No, no, thy motions be
 Hastened from us with bar of shadow dark,
 Because that thou the author of our sight
 Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with others' light.

BEAUTY hath force to catch the human sight ;
Sight doth bewitch the fancy evil awaked ;
Fancy we feel includes all passion's might ;
Passion rebell'd oft reason's strength hath shaken.
No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,
And though thereby my fancy was infected,
Though, yoked so, my mind with sickness faint
Had reason's weight for passion's ease rejected.
But now the fit is past ; and time hath giv'n
Leisure to weigh what due desert requireth.
All thoughts so sprung are from their dwelling
driv'n,
And wisdom to his wonted seat aspireth,
Crying in me : eye-hopes deceitful prove ;
Things rightly priz'd, love is the band of love.

GET hence foul grief, the canker of the mind :
Farewell complaint, the miser's only pleasure :
Away vain cares, by which few men do find
Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helpless sighs, blow out your breath to
nought :

Tears drown yourselves, for woe, your cause, is
wasted :

Thought, think to end, too long the fruit of
thought

My mind hath tasted.

But thou, sure hope, tickle my leaping heart :
Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadness :

Fore-felt desire, begin to savour part
Of coming gladness.

Let voice of sighs into clear music run :
Eyes, let your tears with gazing now be mended :
Instead of thought, true pleasure be begun,
And never ended.

LET mother earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's
powers,
And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
Which never may decrease,

But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well united pair ;
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

O heav'n, awake, show forth thy stately face,
Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
The honest bridegroom and the bashful bride,
Whose loves may ever bide,
Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine ;
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye muses all which chaste affects allow,
And have to Thyrsis showed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow,
And so to him and her your gifts distil,
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lillies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure,
Where that all bliss may reign :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye nymphs which in the waters empire have,
 Since Thyrsis music oft doth yield your praise,
 Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave,
 Let one time, but long first, close up their days,
 One grave their bodies seize :
 And like two rivers sweet,
 When they, though divers, do together meet,
 One stream both streams contain :
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

Pan, father Pan the god of silly sheep,
 Whose care is cause that they in number grow,
 Have much more care of them that them do
 keep,
 Since from these good the others' good doth flow,
 And make their issue show
 In number like the herd
 Of younglings, which thyself with love hast rear'd,
 Or like the drops of rain :
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

Virtue, if not a God, yet God's chief part,
 Be thou their knot of this their open vow,
 That still he be her head, she be his heart ;
 He lean to her, she unto him do bow,
 Each other still allow :

Like oak and mistletoe,
Her strength from him, his praise from her do
grow ;

In which most lovely train,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

But thou foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust,
Be thou far hence with thy impoison'd dart,
Which though of glitt'ring gold, shall here take
rust,

Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
Avoids thy hurtful art,
Not needing charming skill,
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plain,

O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed
looks,

All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness, which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys, and claiming master's right,
Be hence, aye put to flight :
All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbours good for womanish debate,
Be fled as things most vain :

O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
 Longing to be with loss of substance gay,
 With wretchlessness what may thy house betide,
 So that you may on higher slippers stay,
 For ever hence away :
 Yet let not sluttery,
 The sink of filth, be counted housewifery ;
 But keeping wholesome mean,
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

But above all, away vile jealousy,
 The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust ;
 How can he love suspecting treachery ?
 How can she love where love cannot win trust ?
 Go, snake, hide thee in dust,
 Ne dare once show thy face,
 Where open hearts do hold so constant place,
 That they thy sting restrain :
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

The earth is deck'd with flowers, the heav'n's
 display'd,
 Muses grant gifts, nymphs long and joined life,
 Pan store of babes, virtue their thoughts well staid,
 Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife ;
 Happy Man, happy Wife,

No pride shall them oppress,
Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness,
And jealousy is slain :
For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.

A NEIGHBOUR mine not long ago there was,
But nameless he, for blameless he shall be,
That married had a trick and bonny lass
As in a summer day a man might see :
But he himself a foul unhandsome groom,
And far unfit to hold so good a room.

Now, whether moved with self-unworthiness,
Or with her beauty fit to make a prey,
Fell jealousy did so his brain oppress,
That if he absent were but half a day,
He guessed the worst (you wot what is the worst)
And in himself new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he feared the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,
Unto his house a jolly shepherd went,
To whom our prince did bear a great good will,
Because in wrestling, and in pastoral,
He far did pass the rest of shepherds all.

And therefore he a courtier was be-named,
 And as a courtier was with cheer received,
 (For they have tongues to make a poor man
 blamed,
 If he to them his duty misconceived)
 And for this courtier should well like his table,
 The good man bade his wife be serviceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent ;
 But few days past when she good manner used,
 But that her husband thought her service bent
 To such an end as he might be abused.
 Yet, like a coward, fearing stranger's pride,
 He made the simple wench his wrath abide ;

With chumpish looks, hard words, and secret
 nips,
 Grumbling at her when she his kindness sought,
 Asking her how she tasted courtier's lips,
 He forced her think that which she never thought.
 In fine, he made her guess there was some
 sweet
 In that which he so fear'd that she should
 meet.

When once this entered was in woman's heart,
And that it had inflamed a new desire,
There rested then to play a woman's part ;
Fuel to seek, and not to quench the fire,
But, for his jealous eye she well did find,
She studied cunning how the same to blind.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,
And, though against his will, on him she leaned,
And out gan cry, ' Ah well away for shame,
If you help not, our wedlock will be stained.'
The good man starting, asked what her did
move ;
She sigh'd and said : The bad guest sought her
love.

He little looking that she should complain
Of that whereto he fear'd she was inclin'd,
Bussing her oft, and in his heart full fain,
He did demand what remedy to find,
How they might get that guest from them to
wend,
And yet the prince that lov'd him not offend.

'Husband,' quoth she, 'go to him by and by,
And tell him you do find I do him love :

And therefore pray him that of courtesy
He will absent himself, lest he should move
A young girl's heart to that were shame for both,
Whereto you know his honest heart were loath.

'Thus shall you show that him you do not doubt,
And as for me, sweet husband, I must bear.'

Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle fear ;
For fear he did, lest he the young man might
In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepherd, much aghast at this,
Not seeing erst such token in the wife,
Though full of scorn, would not his duty miss,
Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,
Did go his way, but sojourn'd near thereby,
That yet the ground hereof he might espy.

The wife thus having settled husband's brain,
Who would have sworn his spouse Diana was,
Watched when she a farther point might gain,
Which little time did fitly bring to pass.

For to the court her man was called by name ;
Whither he needs must go for fear of blame.

Three days before that he must sure depart,
She written had, but in a hand disguised,

A letter such, which might from either part,
Seem to proceed, so well it was devised.

She seal'd it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)
She told him that the courtier had it sent :

'Alas,' quoth she, 'thus woman's shame doth
creep.'

The good man read on both sides the content ;

It title had, Unto my only love :

Subscription was, Yours most, if you will prove.

Th' epistle self such kind of words it had ;

'My sweetest joy, the comfort of my sprite,

So may thy flocks' increase thy dear heart glad,

So may each thing e'en as thou wishest light,

As thou wilt deign to read, and gently read

This mourning ink in which my heart doth
bleed.

'Long have I lov'd, alas thou worthy art,

Long have I lov'd, alas love craveth love,

Long have I lov'd thyself, alas my heart

Doth break, now tongue unto thy name doth move ;

And think not that thy answer answer is,
But that it is my doom of bale or bliss.

‘The jealous wretch must now to court be gone ;
Ne can he fail, for prince hath for him sent :

Now is the time we may be here alone,
And give a long desire a sweet content.

Thus shall you both reward a lover true,
And eke revenge his wrong suspecting you.’

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chafe enough, till she him pacified :

Desiring that no grief in him be bred,
Now that he had her words so truly tried :
But that he would to him the letter show,
That with his fault he might her goodness know.

That straight was done with many a boist’rous
threat,
That to the king he would his sin declare ;
But now the courtier gan to smell the feat,
And with some words which showed little care,
He stayed until the good man was departed,
Then gave he him the blow which never smarted.

Thus may you see the jealous wretch was made
The pandar of the thing he most did fear.

Take heed, therefore, how you ensue that trade,
Lest the same marks of jealousy you bear.

For sure, no jealousy can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should be,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve :

Then such be he, as she his worth may see,
And one man still credit with her preserve.

Not toying kind, nor causelessly unkind,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plain errors blind,
Never hard hand, nor ever reins too light.

As far from want, as far from vain expense
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)

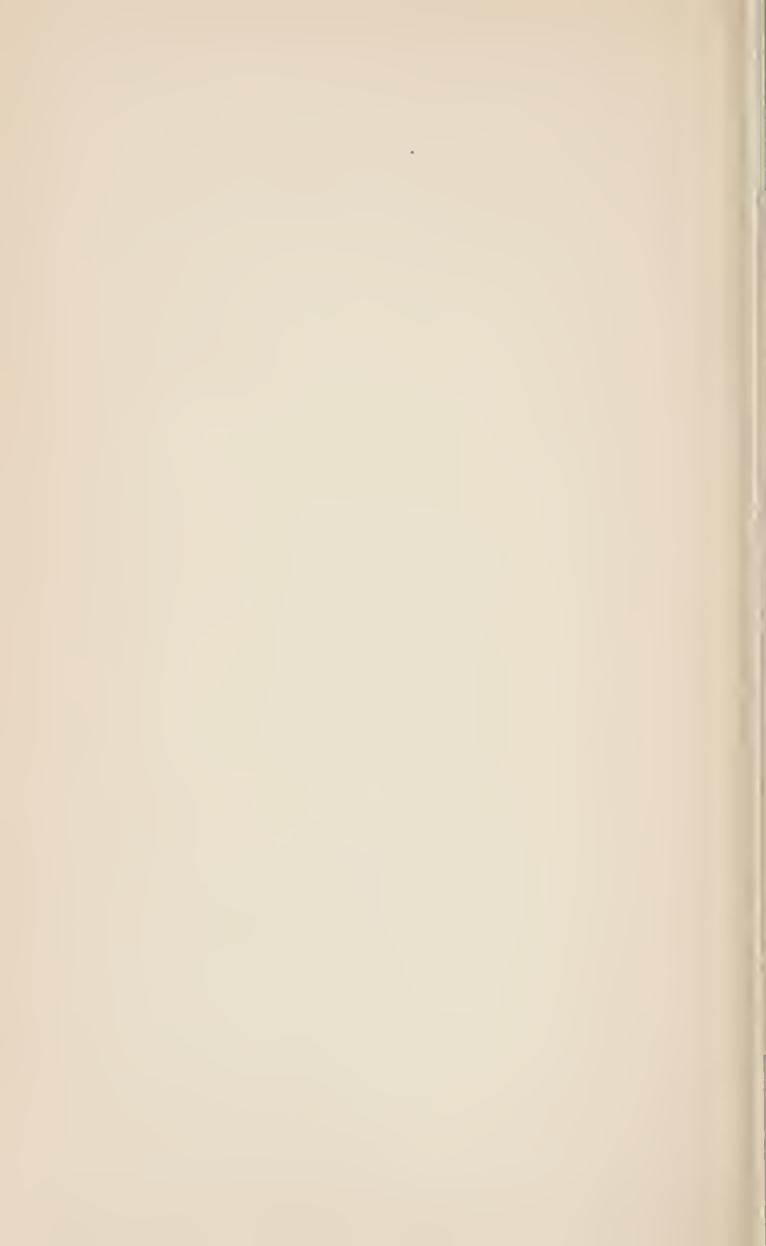
Allow good company, but keep from thence
All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.

This done, thou hast no more, but leave the rest
To virtue, fortune, time, and woman's breast.

O NIGHT, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
 Desire's best mean, harvest of hearts affected,
 The seat of peace, the throne which is erected
 Of humane life to be the quiet measure ;
 Be victor still of Phœbus' golden treasure,
 Who hath our sight with too much sight infected,
 Whose light is cause we have our lives neglected,
 Turning all nature's course to self displeasure.
 These stately stars in their now shining faces,
 With sinless sleep, and silence wisdom's mother,
 Witness his wrong, which by thy help is eased.
 Thou art, therefore, of these our desert places
 The sure refuge ; by thee and by no other
 My soul is blest, sense joy'd, and fortune raised.

SINCE nature's works be good, and death doth
 serve
 As nature's work, why should we fear to die ?
 Since fear is vain, but when it may preserve,
 Why should we fear that which we cannot fly ?
 Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
 Disarming human minds of native might :
 While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
 Which were not evil well view'd in reason's light.

Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind,
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.



APPENDIX



TWO PASTORALS¹

[Made by Sir Philip Sidney, upon his meeting with his two worthy friends and fellow-poets, Sir Edward Dyer and M. Fulke Greville.]

JOIN mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting ;
Let Pan, our good god, see
How grateful is our greeting.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye Hymns, and singing skill
Of God Apollo's giving,
Be prest our reeds to fill
With sound of music living.
Join hearts and hands, etc.

Sweet Orpheus' harp, whose sound
The stedfast mountains moved,
Let here thy skill abound,
To join sweet friends beloved.
Join hearts and hands, etc.

¹ From Mr A. H. Bullen's reprint of *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* (1890).

My two and I be met,
A happy blessed trinity,
As three most jointly set
In firmest band of unity.
Join hands, etc.

Welcome my two to me,
The number best beloved,
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremoved.
Join hands, etc.

Give leave your flocks to range,
Let us the while be playing ;
Within the elmy grange,
Your flocks will not be straying.
Join hands, etc.

Cause all the mirth you can,
Since I am now come hether,
Who never joy, but when
I am with you together.
Join hands, etc.

Like lovers do their love,
So joy I in you seeing :
Let nothing me remove
From always with you being.
Join hands, etc.

And as the turtle Dove
To mate with whom he liveth,
Such comfort fervent love
Of you to my heart giveth.
Join hands, etc.

Now joined be our hands,
Let them be ne'er asunder,
But linked in binding bands
By metamorphosed wonder.
So should our severed bodies three
As one for ever joined be.

DISPRAISE OF A COURTLY LIFE

WALKING in bright Phœbus' blaze,
Where with heat oppressed I was,
I got to a shady wood,
Where green leaves did newly bud ;

And of grass was plenty dwelling,
Decked with pied flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholly set ;
Ruining change of wonted state,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepherds' God retaining,
Now in servile Court remaining.

There he wandered malcontent,
Up and down perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake unto a senseless tree,
One among the rest electing,
These same words, or this effecting :

' My old mates I grieve to see
Void of me in field to be,
Where we once our lovely sheep
Lovingly like friends did keep ;
Oft each other's friendship proving,
Never striving, but in loving.

‘ But may love abiding be
In poor shepherds’ base degree?
It belongs to such alone
To whom art of Love is known :
Seely shepherds are not witting
What in art of love is fitting.

‘ Nay, what need the art to those
To whom we our love disclose?
It is to be used then,
When we do but flatter men :
Friendship true, in heart assured,
Is by Nature’s gifts procured.

‘ Therefore shepherds wanting skill,
Can Love’s duties best fulfil ;
Since they know not how to feign,
Nor with love to cloak disdain,
Like the wiser sort, whose learning
Hides their inward will of harming.

‘ Well was I, while under shade
Oaten reeds me music made,
Striving with my mates in song ;
Mixing mirth our songs among.
Greater was the shepherd’s treasure,
Than this false, fine, courtly pleasure.

‘Where how many creatures be,
So many puffed in mind I see ;
Like to Juno’s birds of pride,
Scarce each other can abide :
Friends like to black swans appearing,
Sooner these than those in hearing.

‘Therefore, Pan, if thou mayest be
Made to listen unto me,
Grant, I say, if seely man
May make treaty to God Pan,
That I, without thy denying,
May be still to thee relying.

‘Only for my two loves’ sake,
In whose love I pleasure take ;
Only two do me delight
With their ever-pleasing sight ;
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with those two remaining.

‘So shall I to thee always
With my reeds sound mighty praise ;
And first lamb that shall befall,
Yearly deck thine altar shall
If it please thee be reflected,
And I from thee not rejected.’

So I left him in that place,
Taking pity on his case ;
Learning this among the rest,
That the mean estate is best ;
Better filled with contenting,
Void of wishing and repenting.

THE dart, the beams, the string so strong I prove,
Which my chief part doth pass through, parch, and
tie,

That of the stroke, the heat, and knot of love,
Wounded, inflamed, knit to the death, I die.
Hardened and cold, far from affection's snare
Was once my mind, my temper, and my life ;
While I that sight, desire, and vow forbare,
Which to avoid, quench, loose, nought bootéd
strife.

Yet will not I grief, ashes, thralldom change
For others' ease, their fruit or free estate,
So brave a shot, dear sire, and beauty strange,
Bid me pierce, burn, and bind long time and late,
And in my wounds, my flames, and bonds I find
A salve, fresh air, and bright contented mind.¹

¹ From Bliss's *Bibliographical Miscellanies* (1813).—Grosart.

AN, poor Love, why dost thou live,
Thus to see thy service lost?
If she will no comfort give,
Make an end, yield up the ghost ;
That she may at length approve
That she hardly long believed,
That the heart will die for love
That is not in time relieved.
Oh that ever I was born,
Service so to be refused,
Faithful love to be foreborn,
Never love was so abused.
But, sweet Love, be still awhile ;
She that hurt thee, Love, may heal thee ;
Sweet, I see within her smile
More than reason can reveal thee.
For, though she be rich and fair,
Yet she is both wise and kind,
And therefore do thou not despair,
But thy faith may fancy find.
Yet, although she be a queen,
That may such a snake despise,
Yet, with silence all unseen,
Run and hide thee in her eyes :

Where if she will let thee die,
Yet at latest gasp of breath,
Say that in a lady's eye
Love both took his life and death.¹

FAINT Amorist, what ! dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall, or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to show it,
That thy coldness makes her do it;
Is she silent—is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit;
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come;
Is she sick? why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure;

¹ From Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss).—Grosart.

Doth she cross thy suit with No ?
 Tush, she loves to hear thee woo ;
 Doth she call the faith of man
 In question ? nay, 'uds-foot, she loves thee
 than ; [then]
 And if e'er she makes a blof,
 She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.
 He that after ten denials
 Dares attempt no further trials,
 Hath no warrant to acquire
 The dainties of his chaste desire.¹

WHAT length of verse can serve brave Mopsa's good
 to show,²
 When virtues strange, and beauties such as no
 man them may know ?
 Thus shrewdly burden'd then, how can my muse
 escape ?
 The gods must help, and precious things must
 serve to show her shape

¹ From *Cottoni Posthuma*.—Grosart.

² It is a common thing to accuse Sidney of a lack of humour, I have included the above as an instance of this quality in his work. Others might be advanced, notably certain passages in *The Defence of Poesy*.

Like great God Saturn fair, and like fair Venus
chaste :

As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like goddess Iris
fac't :

With Cupid she forsees, and goes god Vulcan's
pace :

And for a taste of all these gifts, she steals god
Momus' grace.

Her forehead jacinth-like, her cheeks of opal
hue,

Her twinkling eyes bedeck'd with Pearl, her lips as
Sapphire blue :

Her hair like crapal stone ; her mouth O heav'nly
wide !

Her skin like burnished gold, her hands like silver
ore untry'd.

As for her parts unknown, which hidden sure are
best,

Happy be they which well believe, and never seek
the rest.

[I have included the following poem chiefly for the sake of the 4th, 5th and 6th stanzas, with their gentle remembrance of Languet.]

As I my little flock on Ister bank
 (A little flock ; but well my pipe they couth)
 Did piping lead, the sun already sank
 Beyond our world, and e'er I got my booth,
 Each thing with mantle black the night doth
 sooth ;
 Saving the glow-worm which would courteous be
 Of that small light oft watching shepherds see.

The welkin had full niggardly enclosed
 In coffer of dim clouds his silver groats,
 Ycleped stars ; each thing to rest disposed,
 The caves were full, the mountains void of goats ;
 The bird's eye clos'd ; closed their chirping notes.
 As for the nightingale, wood music's king,
 It August was, he deign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheep, though I saw naught to fear,
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore ;

Then found I which thing is a charge to bear,
As for my sheep I dreaded mickle more
Than ever for myself since I was bore.

I sat me down : for see to go ne could.

And sang unto my sheep lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught,
Lanquet, the shepherd best swift Ister knew,
For clerkly read, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true :
With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew,
To have a feeling taste of Him that sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits.

He said the music best thilk power pleased
Was jump concord between our wit and will ;
Where highest notes to godliness are raised,
And lowest sink not down to jot of ill :
With old true tales he wont mine ears to fill,
How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive,
Spoiling their flock, or while 'twixt them they
strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustful youth :
 His good strong staff my slipp'ry years upbore :
 He still hop'd well because I loved truth :
 Till forc'd to part with heart and eyes e'en sore,
 To worthy Corydon he gave me o'er.
 But thus in oaks' true shade recounted be,
 Which now in night's deep shade sheep heard
 of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I n'ot)
 When all this earth, this dam or mould of ours
 Was only won'd with such as beasts begot :
 Unknown as then were they that builded towers :
 The cattle wild, or tame, in nature's bowers
 Might freely roam, or rest, as seemed them :
 Man was not man their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policy :
 For nothing can endure where order n'is.
 For once the lion by the lamb did lie,
 The fearful hind the leopard did kiss.
 Hurtless was tiger's paw, and serpent's hiss.
 'This think I well the beasts with courage clad,
 Like senators a harmless empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,
For envy harb'reth most in feeblest hearts,
Or that they all to changing did incline,
As e'en in beasts their dams leave changing parts
The multitude to Jove a suit imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roaring and howling for to have a king.

A king, in language theirs they said they would :
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chatt'ring that of Jove beseech.
Only the owl still warn'd them not to 'seech
So hastily that which they would repent ;
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.

Jove wisely said (for wisdom wisely says)
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
Rulers will think all things made them to please,
And soon forget the swink¹ due to their hire :
But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire,
I will you lend ; the rest yourselves must give,
That it both seen and felt may with you live.

¹ Swink = labour. —G.

Full glad they were, and took the naked spright,
Which straight the earth clothed in his clay :

The lion heart ; the ounce gave active might ;
The horse, good shape ; the sparrow, lust to play ;
Nightingale, voice, enticing songs to say.

Elephant gave a perfect memory :
And parrot, ready tongue, that to apply.

The fox gave craft ; the dog gave flattery :
Ass patience ; the mole, a working thought ;
Eagle, high look ; wolf, secret cruelty :
Monkey, sweet breath ; the cow, her fair eyes
brought ;
The ermine, whitest skin, spotted with nought ;
The sheep, mild seeming face ; climbing, the
bear.

The stag did give the harm eschewing fear.

The hare, her sleights ; the cat, his melancholy ;
Ant, industry ; and conney, skill to build ;
Cranes, order ; storks, to be appearing holy ;
Cameleon, ease to change ; duck, ease to yield :
Crocodile, tears, which might be falsely spill'd :
Ape, great thing gave, though he did mowing
stand,

The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings :
And but thy dread their prince they ought should
want,

They all consented were to give him wings :
And aye more awe towards him for to plaint,
To their own work this privilege they grant,
That from thenceforth to all eternity,
No beast should freely speak, but only he.

Thus man was made ; thus man their lord be-
came :

Who at the first, wanting, or biding pride,
He did to beasts best use his cunning frame
With water drink, herbs meat, and naked hide.
And fellow like let his dominion slide ;
Not in his sayings, saying I, but we ;
As if he meant his lordship common be.

But when his seat so rooted he had found,
That they now skill'd not how from him to wend,
Then gain in guiltless earth full many a wound,
Iron to seek, which 'gainst itself should bend,
To tear the bowels, that good corn should send,
But yet the common dam none did bemoan ;
Because though hurt, they never heard' her
groan.

Then 'gan the factions in the beasts to breed ;
 Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts
 (As tigers, leopards, bears, and lions' feed)
 Disdain'd with this, in deserts sought their rests :
 Where famine ravin taught their hungry chests,
 That craftily he forc'd them to do ill,
 Which being done, he afterwards would kill.

For murders done, which never erst was seen,
 By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
 He chose themselves his guarders for to been.
 'Gainst those of might, of whom in fear they stood,
 As horse, and dog, not great, but gentle blood :
 Blithe were the common cattle of the field,
 Tho' when they saw their foe'n of greatness
 kill'd.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
 Then quickly did the meaner cattle find,
 The great beams gone, the house on shoulder's
 light :
 For by and by the horse fair bits did bind :
 The dog was in a collar taught his kind.
 As for the gentle birds like case might rue,
 When falcon they, and gross hawk saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds, and meanest herd,
Whom now his own, full like his own he used.

Yet first but wool, or feathers off he tear'd :
And when they were well us'd to be abused :
For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he bruised :
At length for glutton taste he did them kill :
At last for sport their silly lives did spill.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need :
Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny.

Thou art of blood, joy not to see things bleed :
Thou fearest death : think they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltless hurt doth pierce the sky.
And you poor beasts in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall do
well.

Thus did I sing and pipe eight sullen hours
To sheep, whom love, not knowledge, made to
hear,

Now fancies' fits, now fortune's baleful flowers :
But then I homeward call'd my lambkins dear ;
For to my dimmed eyes began to appear
The night grown old, her black head waxen grey,
Sure shepherd's sign, that morn should soon fetch
day.

[The following five excerpts will serve to illustrate Sidney's metrical experiments.]

I

THYRSIS. Come Dorus, come, let songs thy sorrows signify,

And if for want of use thy mind ashamed is,
That very shame with love's high title dignify.

No style is held for base where love well named
is :

Each ear sucks up the words a true-love scattereth,
And plain speech oft, than quaint phrase better
framed is.

DORUS. Nightingales seldom sing, the pye still
chattereth,

The wood cries most, before it thoroughly
kindled be,

Deadly wounds inward bleed, each slight sore
mattereth.

Hardly they heard, which by good hunters singled
be :

Shallow brooks murmur most, deep, silent slide
away,

Nor true-love, his love with others mingled be.

II

Unto the gods with a thankful heart all thanks I do
render,
That to my advancement their wisdoms have me
abased.
But yet, alas ! O but yet alas ! our haps be but
hard haps,
Which must frame contempt to the fittest purchase
of honour.
Well may a pastor plain, but alas his complaints be not
esteem'd :
Silly shepherd's poor pipe, when his harsh sound
testifies anguish,
Into the fair looking on, pastime, not passion,
enters.
And to the woods or brooks, who do make such
dreary recital ?
What be the pangs they bear, and whence those
pangs be derived,
Pleas'd to receive that name by rebounding answer
of Echo,

May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible
 anguish,
 When trees dance to the pipe, and swift streams
 stay by the music,
 Or when an Echo begins unmov'd to sing them a
 love-song ;
 Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a
 pastor ?

III

Since wailing is a bud of causeful sorrow,
 Since sorrow is the follower of evil fortune,
 Since no evil fortune equals public damage ;
 Now princes loss hath made our damage public,
 Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of nature,
 And inward grief seal up with outward wailing.

Why should we spare our voice from endless
 wailing,
 Who justly make our hearts the seat of sorrow ?
 In such a case where it appears that nature
 Doth add her force unto the sting of fortune :
 Choosing alas, this our theatre public,
 Where they would leave trophies of cruel damage.

IV

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness !
O how much do I like your solitariness !
Here nor treason is hid, veiled in innocence,
Nor envies snaky eye finds any harbour here,
Nor flatterers venomous insinuations,
Nor coming humourists puddled opinions,
Nor courteous ruin of proffered usury,
Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanity dazzleth us,
Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise.
Here wrong's name is unheard ; slander a monster
 is,
Keep thy spirit from abuse, here no abuse doth
 haunt,
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation ?

V

Fortune, nature, love, long have contended
about me,
Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I
am,
Fortune thus gan say, misery and misfortune is
all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift
With strong foes on land, on sea with contrary
tempests,
Still do I cross this wretch, what so he taketh in
hand.
Tush, tush, said nature, this is all but a trifle, a
man's self
Gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his
heart.
But so his humour I frame, in a mould of choler
adjusted,
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous.
Love smiled, and thus said: want join'd to
desire is unhappy:
But if he nought do desire, what can Heraclitus
ail?

None but I work by desire : by desire have I
kindled in his soul

Infernal agonies into a beauty divine :

Where thou poor nature left'st all thy due glory,
to fortune

Her virtue's sovereign, fortune a vassal of hers.

Nature abash'd went back : fortune blush'd : yet
she replied thus :

And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite.

Thus, thus, alas ! woeful by nature, unhappy by
fortune,

But most wretched I am, now love awakes my
desire.

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